



65 . B

H.M.217(1-4)

Typo p. 242





JOHNNY'S JAUNT.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SUFFOLK COUPLE.

*Written out by one of his mates, and Edited and
Arranged by*

THE AUTHOR OF "GILES'S TRIP TO LONDON," "MOLLY
MIGGS'S TRIP TO THE SEASIDE," &c., &c.



Jarrold & Sons, London & Exchange Streets, Norwich ;
AND 3, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

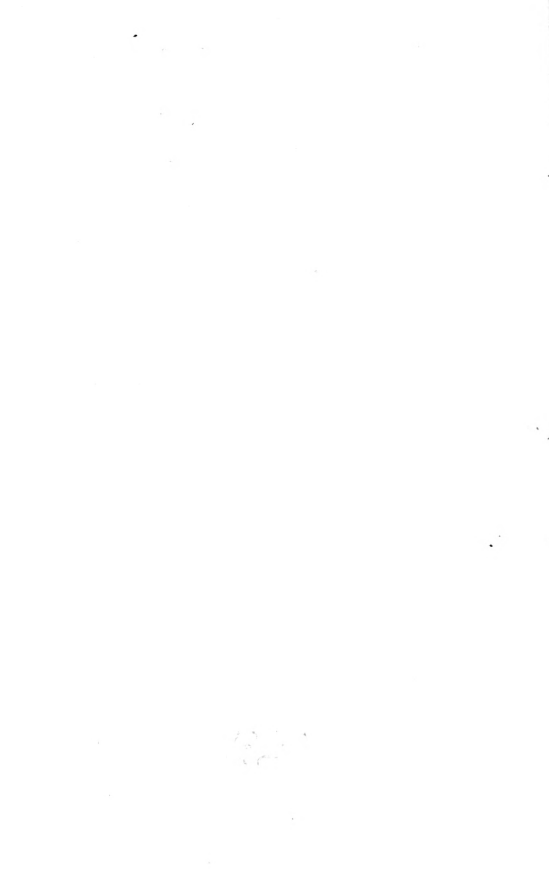
JOHNNY'S JAUNT.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SUFFOLK
COUPLE.

WRITTEN OUT BY ONE OF HIS MATES, AND EDITED
AND ARRANGED BY

THE AUTHOR OF "GILES'S TRIP TO LONDON," "MOLLY
MIGGS'S TRIP TO THE SEASIDE," &c., &c.

JARROLD & SONS,
LONDON AND EXCHANGE STREETS, NORWICH;
AND 3, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON.





PREFACE.

THE two previous sketches, entitled "Giles's Trip to London," and "Molly Miggs's Trip to the Seaside," were the result of an effort to embalm the simplicity, inexperience, and ignorance of country life in an interesting story involving the peculiarities of Norfolk speech. The present sketch has the same object in relation to Suffolk. It would be idle to deny that the primitive country character, as delineated in these tales, is fast disappearing through the facilities of intercourse opened up by railways and the work of the School Boards. In a few years the Gileses, the Mollies, and the Johnnies will be altogether extinct. The publishers inform me that the oldest of the above-mentioned sketches has had a circulation of 156,000, and the youngest of 72,000. I trust a similar success will attend the present publication.

JAMES SPILLING. 

Gipping House,

Norwich, May, 1879.





JOHNNY'S JAUNT.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN AND MARY START ON THEIR JOURNEY; THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF A TRAIN; THEY HAIL IT, AND ARE STAMMED BECAUSE IT WON'T STOP; WITH OTHER EVENTS OF INTEREST.

Now, bor, yow want to know what I'm goin' to du with them there cowcumbers. Tarn that skip bottom up'ards and set yow down, and stru's yow're alive I'll tell ye all about it. I'd haard sah I could goo from yin town to Flaixtow* and back agin for about tew shillin's, and as I'd saved up naarly half-a-waak's wages, I thowt I'd like to goo and see the saa, and hev a day's holiday. So I up and axed master, and

* So far as we can learn, "yin town" in this narrative everywhere means the capital of Suffolk, and Felixstowe is the rising watering place about twelve miles distant.

then I weant round to naabor Rudd's jest to see Mary, and ax her if she'd goo tu.

She's a rare hard-workin' mawther is Mary; and I found her up to her elbows in soapsuds, and I sah tu her, "Mor, would yow like to goo and see the saa?"

"Ah, bor," she sah, "that I should."

Then I sah says I, "Well, mor, I shall come round for ye to-morrow mornin' aarly, and we'll be off and make a day on it."

"So we wool, bor," she sah says she; "but *du* set down for tew minutes, while I wring these 'ere things out, which I owt to ha' done this mornin'; but since poor mother died, God bless her, 'tis nor'n but pull dawg pull devil in seein' arter the boys and gals, and they *du* goo pamplin' about i' the slush, and fetchin' it in on their shues and highlows, till barnt* if I don't fare right riled, and if it worn't for yow, bor, I should run right awa' and let things goo as they grow."

When she sah that, she looked so nice that I hitched up to her and I gon her a good hearty smack, that made her as red as a pippin. Then I set down and we had a good talk till the young 'uns come in, and arter I had drawed her two or three gotches o' water out o' the well, I weant off home. That night I draamed o' nor'n but great big ponds, and fishes as large as the one that is drawed in our owd Bible, with a man coming out of its jaws.

The next mornin', I took as nice a pork dumplin' as my mother ever made, and a cowl apple puddin',

* This is a favourite expletive with Suffolk girls.

and I wropped 'em round with paper, and tied 'em up in my best silk hankercher. Then I cut a little loaf in tew, and scooped out a place in the middle and dabbed some butter into it, and tied it up to ate on the jarney. Hevin' got all ready, I weant round for Mary. She had got her own breakfast, and the things were all set for her father and the boys.

"Well, mor," I sah, "are yow ready?"

"Yes," she sah; "but I ha' bin in the dibles this mornin', for I ha' had to bake a batch o' bread, and stru's yow're here I mung the miller's eye out,* and had to goo and borrow a basin o' flour afore I could get it into the oven."

Well, her chaaks wor so flushed with the hard work, and she looked so spruce in her best pink print, blue shawl, and hat with yellow ribbons, that I took her on to my arm and walked off, fust cuttin' a rose out of her garden for my button hole, farin' as big with my red waistcoat and parl buttons 'as a lord, and twice as happy.

We had a good long walk afore us to yin town, but Mary, as yow know, is a good mawther for steppin' out, and she din't mind that. Arter we had got four or five miles, we come to a stile, and there was a nice clump o' grass close by, and I sah, "I faal kinder hungry, Mary mor, and if yow set down on this clump, I'll spread my hankercher for ye, and I'll get on this stile, and we'll hev a mite o' wittles." Then

* We believe Mary meant that she had put too much water with the flour.

I took out my shet-knife and cut her a pretty good hunccheon off the loaf, and took the rest for myself, and there we set and eat it. Then we got up and set off agin.

Arter we had got on about a couple o' miles more, we come to where we could see in the distance a stammen lot o' housen, and I sah says I, "That there's the place, mor, where we goo from. Hullo!" I sah, "there's a bredge over the road. I never see a bredge only over a river afore. Why," I sah, "there's what fare to be a road over it."

"Ah," she sah, "that must be the railroad up there, John, for I ha' haard that they sometimes goo over hid and sometimes down under the aarth, and I du raally think that's what it is."

"By goms!" I sah, "that is it. Yinder it come! Look how that du goo!"

I never wor so stammed in my life. There wor about twenty coaches one behind another, and in front on 'em a great thing puffin' out staam and smoke.

"Blarm it, Mary," I sah, "that's what we are to goo by, and we're too late. Get out yer hankercher, mor, and wave it, and get the man to stop and take us up."

Then I held up my stick to 'em, and swung up my hankercher with the pork dumplin' and apple puddin' in it, and hulla'ed and shouted as loud as I could. But they never took no notice, and weant dashin' and crashin' over the bredge with a roar like thunder, and snortin' and scraamin', and braathin' out fire

and smoke, while a lot o' paaple put their hids out o' the winders and laughed at us, and waved their hankerchers tu, jest as if they din't know what we wanted.

"Mary," I sah, "what shall we do now, mor? It oant stop. I ha' haard my father sah that he allus got the driver to stop when he wanted to goo by the waggon along this road. The man couldn't ha' sin us."

"Well," she sah, "barnt if I know how we should ha' got up there on to the road to get into them waggons if he had stopped, so we had better goo on and we shall haar more about it bum-by."

"Come on, Mary," I sah, "we oant give it up yet, and when we get to yin town we can ax about it."

So we trudged along, and presently we passed a pond on the left-hand side o' the road, and got in among the housen, while the paaple in the straat saamed to stare at us with all their might. At last we come to a corner where there wor seven cross ways.

Then I stood still and scratched my hid. "Which way shall we goo now, Mary mor?" I sah; "Blarm me if here beant seven cross ways. I ha' sin four cross ways times and often, but I ha' never sin seven afore; du yow count 'em."

"Ah," she sah, "here are seven sure enough, countin' this one laadin' where them sowjers are gooin'. Whichever way shall we take, John?" she sah.

Jest as she wor spaakin' we wor opposite a smart

shop with sugar and tea, and all sorts o' things in the winder. It looked as bright as shops I'd sin drawn in pictures, and there was a gentleman standin' at the door with a white apron on and a pen behind his ear, and he looked so jolly and good tempered and smilin', that I sah to Mary, "We'll ax this gentleman, and very likely he can tell us all about it."

So I weant up to the door with Mary on my arm, as bold as ye plaase, and I sah, "Sarvant, sir; if yow plaase, I and this young woman want to get to the railroad. We tried to get the man to stop down hinder, but he weant right on. Prah, can you tell us what to du?"

The gentleman's smile growed into a laugh, and he sah says he, pleasant liké, "Where du yow want to goo tu?"

I sah, "We want to goo by staam, the same as we throsh by. I aint much of a schollard," I sah, "but I see it down hinder, and it wouldn't stop."

Then the gentleman laughed more'n ever, and he sah, "But what is the name o' the place yow want to goo tu?"

"Why," I sah, "what is it, Mary? Consarn it, I ha' forgot it. It's that place by the saa," I sah.

"Ah," he sah, "yow maan Flaikstow."

"That's the place," I sah, "we want to know how to get to it."

"Why," he sah, comin' right out into the road, and pintin' along one o' the seven cross ways, "yow must go straight along here, and ax for the Mansion House Buildin's, and there you must ax for tew 'tarn

tickets, one for yerself and one for yer young woman, and the paaple will tell ye what to du then."

"I 'tarn ye many thanks, sir," I sah.

"All right," he sah, his face all covered with smiles; "mind yow don't luse her," he sah, pintin' at Mary, "we aint got many like her here; somebody 'ud soon pick her up if ye did."

Stru's yow're settin' there that made my flesh faal all of a twitter, and I'd half a mind to goo back; but I jest nipped her arm a little tighter, and I thowt to myself, "I oant luse her for want o' care."

As we wor awalkin' along the straats among a mort o' paaple and shops, we met full butt owd Bill Blasby, that used to mend my owd coats and breeches, and he stood stock still, and he sah, "Why, together, where are yow gooin'?"

"Why, Billy," I sah, "what are yow here?"

"Yes," he sah, "wus luck."

"Wus luck," I sah, "what for?"

"Why," he sah, "I ha' got among a rum lot. I ha' lost my place, and want another."

"Lost yer place?" I sah, "prah, how's that?"

"Why," he sah, "I had a master what's fond o' liberty—civil and religious liberty, he call it."

"Ah," I sah, "I think I ha' haard on't at the Union maatings; it's a good thing, aint it?"

"Yes," he sah, "my master is rarely fond on't. He hev it hisself, and he give it to others. He ha' gin it to me, so I ha' got liberty to git another place, 'cos I oant haar him nor yit his pastor."

"Well," I sah, "that du fare funny; they must be funny fooks what live in towns."

"Funny?" he sah; "why their own dawgs sometimes bust out a-laughin' at their ways and manners, and yow may often see a sly smile staal over the dickeys'* faces as they walk along the straat."

"I s'pose, Bill," I sah, "they can all raad what live in towns?"

"Raad?" he sah; "why the child'en bawl out for books afore they ha' done wi' spoon wittles, and scraam for their mothers to take 'em to haar the Museum lecturs. But that's nahther here nor there," he sah; "where are yow gooin' together?"

"I and Mary are gooin' to Flaixtow," I sah, "and we want to find the place where we are to git our tickets. It's down here, they sah."

"So it is," he sah, "and I'll walk along with ye, and show ye the way."

Then we weant along past a great big overgrowd pump, standin' in the open straat on the right-hand side, and we twisted round a bendin' where there was a 'bacca shop with a figure at the door as large as life, with a Scotch dress on and a pipe in his mouth; and presently we come to a tall buildin', havin' a wide openin' in it, with a fish shop on one side and a grocer's shop on the other, and he sah, "Yow're jest in time—go to that box in that openin' and ax for tew 'tarn tickets, and hev yer money all ready—four and twopence if ye both want to ride in the wan to the station—for they don't like to be kept waitin'."

* Donkeys.

Well, I let goo o' Mary's arm, and gon her the hankercher with the cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin', got out my money, and weant and axed for the tickets. Arter I had got 'em, I stopped a minute to sah "Good-bye" to Billy, and tarnin' round, I found Mary had bin pushed into a wan what stood there to take the paaple to the station, which wor a mile off.* There wor she shuved right up o' yin corner, and as the wan was chuck full, I could only jest get in at the further end, about four yards off her.

I tossed my hat half off my hid and scratched it a minute. I looked across at Mary, but I could only jest see a bit of her yellow ribbon. I counted the paaple, and found there wor twenty-tew on 'em, and they wor wedged together as tight as sheep in a pen. I put my hat right, and I kinder shook my hid, and I sah to myself, "This oant du; I oant he't; I must git tu her somehow."

* This, we understand, is a fact. The station for this rising watering-place is a mile out of the town, and the passengers have either to walk or ride in the primitive fashion described by Johnny.





CHAPTER II.

JOHNNY RIDES THROUGH THE TOWN; ENLIGHTENS THE FOLKS ON THE SUBJECT OF SUFFOLK BANG; AND IS HIMSELF ENLIGHTENED ABOUT CO-OPERATION.

I STOOD right still for half a second, and then I sah, "Make way, if yow plaase; I want to get alongside o' my young woman."

"Don't shuv," they sah; "yow must kaap where ye are."

"I tell ye," I sah, right out loud, "I oant he't. Prah du let me come."

The young woman what was next to me sah says she, "Lor, John, don't make a fuss; yow are close enough to me, and that'll du as well as Mary for half-an-hour."

I sah, "How du yow know my name is John and her name is Mary? Yow ~~he~~ got no right to call me John."

Then all the paaple bust out a hocketin' and a laughin'.

"Laugh as yow like," I sah, "but I oant he't."

Then I pushed and crowded among 'em with all

my might till nearly all the braath was out o' my body. But I wor 'tarmined not to be baat, so arter stoppin' a minute or tew I shuved and crowded harder'n ever, and presently managed to get into the middle o' the wan, but when I got there I found my beautiful rose was all spoilt, and every one o' the parl buttons was tore off my red waistcoat. The wust on it was that I was still tew yards off Mary, and all them there fools wor gigglin', and one on 'em shouted out, "Why, here's Giles and Sairey out agin on their rambles."

That made me nation riled, and I sah, "No, 'taint Giles nor yet Sairey; and yow laave her alone, th'else yow'll find yerselves in the wrong box."

Then somebody sah, "That aint Giles. Giles come out o' Norfolk, but this 'ere one is Silly Suffolk to the tip of his tongue. Don't ye haar how he whine? He can sing his say as well as the best among us."*

Then a man with a pale face and a outlandish look, with black whiskers and mustache, sah says he, "Friends, he's one o' the paaple. My heart yarn towards him as it du towards poor Sir Roger and every one that don't hev jestice done him."

"Ah," I sah, puttin' on a broad grin, "yow ain't got the Suffolk whine."

"No," he sah, "I wor born beyond saas, but I ha' made my home here, and my heart yarn over the

* The peculiarity of speech in Suffolk is a tendency to sing the sentences. This peculiarity is what is meant by the whine in the text.

oppressed and down-trodden. Yow come from the willages," he sah, "and yow aint got the *francheese*."

"Don't care much for it," I sah; "master sometimes gon us a bit o' Suffolk bang,* but my taath are tender and I can't bite it; so I ha' browt a cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin', and Mary yinder ha' got 'em. Cop 'em over here, mor."

Then the fooks all bust out a laughin' as if they'd split their sides, and the pale man sah, "Why, yow don't understand yer own langwidge, while I can spaak it like a native. I maan," he sah, "that yow ain't got the wote."

"I don't know about that," I sah; "du yow maan these?"—and I took my bits o' card that I had bowt for four and tuppence out o' my waistcoat pocket and held 'em up; "because," I sah, "I ha' got them all right."

Then the fooks laughed louder 'n ever, till all the wan saamed to shake, and jest then the man that driv 'us got up and cracked his whip, and off we weant.

"Friends," the pale man sah, "yow are witnesses o' the state o' yer feller countrymen. Would that I could goo to my Lord Beconsfield and bring him into this wan and into the presence o' this down-trodden oppressed piece o' humanity."

* This is the name by which the natives know the county cheese, which, as Bloomfield sang:—

"Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade,
Or in the hog trough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow and too hard to bite."

"Come," I sah, "no sech names as them if yow plaase."

"And sah to my Lord Beconsfield," he weant on, "this is yowr work; yow kaap 'em in darkness and ignorance that yow may hev an excuse for not givin' 'em the wote."

Well, I stared at him with boath my eyes. I thowt he wor touched in the upper storey. But jest then we came into a big open place where there wor a great buildin' with a clock in the middle on it.

"What du yow call that?" I sah to the man what stood next me.

"Why," he sah laughin', "that is our Pride. Yow may see ovr Mayor there," he sah.

"Yer Mare!" I sah. "Come, yow can't deceave me; yow doant build stables like that for yer hosses. Squire ain't got stables like that."

Then there wor another shout o' laughter, and the pale man sah, "It ain't his fault; it's the fault o' yer Government. I'm a friend o' humanity," he sah, "and my heart yarn over him in his degraded state. Du yow maan to sah, my good fellow, that yow doant know what a mayor is?"

When he sah that I felt so nation riled that I shouted out, "Know what a mare is?" I sah; "why I ha' bin among 'em all my life; and if yow knowed 'em as well as I du there won't be twenty-tew on ye crowdin' behind the tails o' them tew poor baasts in the sharves there! Mind yow that now!"

All this time we wor gooin' throw a straat full o' fine shops, and we had got opposite a great big white

brick buildin' with a wide doorway and over it a hoss cut out o' suffen or another and painted white.

"Ah!" I sah with a broad grin; "yow are a funny lot; I understand ye now; that's the sort o' hoss yow maan—a dead un."

At this they stamped and scraamed, and the taars ran down the chaaks o' some on 'em with laughin'.

"So it is," I sah, "yow may laugh as yow like; yow can't deceave me; yow never meant there wor a live mare in that buildin' up hinder."

Then the man that stood next to me sah, "Don't goo on like that, Johnny; yow'll be the death on us if yow du."

"No more ye din't," I sah; "I ain't a fule, thow I ain't bin in a town like this afore."

"Now," the pale man sah, "laave him to me; I'll edicate him, as Becconsfield once did with his party, and as he'll hev to du agin, or else he'll hev to give way to his betters."

When he sah that we wor gooin' past a sign-board where there wor painted on it tew golden keys laid across one another, and had jest come to another big buildin', and the pale man sah, "Now, look there; that's the hope o' England."

"Hope o' England?" I sah, "what's that?"

"Why," he sah, "co-operation."

"Come," I sah, "don't use sech langwidge as that; there ain't no use in swearin'."

Then the paaple laughed agin, and he sah, lookin' right hard at me, "Yow don't know what co-operation maan. Now I'll make it right plain tu ye. It maan

that there should be only perducers and consumers. Yow stand in both capacities."

Stru's I'm here, them are the very words he said. I looked at him jest as hard as he looked at me, and I sah, "I stand nowhere but in this waggon, or whatever yow may call it."

"Never mind," he sah to the fooks, "don't laugh at him. I oan't give him up yit. I'll make him understand afore I ha' done with him. Now, what du yow du," he sah, "when yow're at work?"

"Oh," I sah, "I plow, hurrow, and raap; hev to du with the hosses, look arter the cows, and sometimes hedge and ditch."

"Whu get the profit?" he sah.

"Well," I sah, "I get fourteen shillin' a waak."

"But," he sah, "whu sell the whaat and barley, and tarnips, and so get the profit o' yer blood and bones?"

"Why, my master," I sah, "as good a one as ever stepped in tew shues."

Then he raised his voice jest as our owd parson du when he's a praachin', and he sah says he, "I sah to yow as I sah to the toilin' millions o' England, co-operate. Yow—John, Dick, Bob, and Harry—hev a farm to yerselves; sell yer own whaat and barley; live upon the produce; and let the masters goo."

Then a man that stood next to me sah says he, quiet like, "Jest ax him, Johnny, if he's a master hisself."

So I sah to him, "Now yow ha' bin criss-crossin' o' me; let me criss-cross yow. Hev yow ever bin in a farm yard?"

"No," he sah; "don't know as I hev."

"Ah," I sah; "I thowt yow din't know much. But yow're a master yerself, arn't ye?"

"Yes," he sah; "but that's nahther here nor there."

"Perhaps not," I sah; "but if yow'd ever bin in a farm yard yow'd know that while the owd hins goo on the quiet and lay their eggs the owd cockrel du nor'n but peck and crow. Now, yow get yer nest well filled, and yow can act the part o' the owd cock fust rate."

He never said another word, and the man next me sah, "I think yow ha' edicated him to a pretty good tune."

We wor now gooin' along past a great plain buildin' that they said was a gaol. Arter that we weant on up a hilly road till we got to a place where they tow'd us we must all get out. Right glad I was to get howd o' Mary's hand and help her down.

"Why," she sah, "what a figure yow du look! Where are yer parl buttons?"

"In the wan," I sah, "I'll soon get 'em."

"Du, bor," she sah, "and let me sew 'em on."

She out with a case she had in her pocket, and I gathered up the parl buttons out o' the wan, and she was at work at 'em in a jiffey, while all the fooks stood gigglin' round. We wor on a place where there's a lot o' stones that they call a platform, and the man with the pale face and the outlandish look, was awalkin' up and down away from the rest as if he'd had enough on't.

"Bor," I halloed out tu him; "come here and be edicated. Here's what yow maan by co-operation; I'm ahowdin' the parl buttons while Mary's asewin' 'em on, and we divide the profit atwaan us athout a master."

"Ah," he sah, with a faint smile, "yow ha' got the right idea; but yow get all the profit, and she get all the work."

"Why," I sah, "that's jest what they tell me yow du. Yer paaple du the work, and yow howd the buttons."

While I wor a spaakin', and Mary wor duin' the last button, I haard a noise, and tarnin' round I see it comin'.

"Here it be now, Mary mor. How that is acomin'!" I sah; "it ha' bin a long while gittin' round though."

"Gittin' round," one o' the men sah, "what du yow maan?"

"Why," I sah, "we see it afore when we come along the road out hinder two hours agoo, and we hullored to it, and it wouldn't stop."

"What, see this tew hours agoo?" they all shouted.

"Yes," I sah, "that's stru's I'm here; din't we, Mary? You can't deceave me, ye know. I know 'tis the same by the noise it make and the fire and smoke. If it oant stop this time what shall we du?"

But jest then it began to goo slower and slower, and presently it stopped right opposite to where we wor. A man then opened the door o' one o' the coaches, and he sah, "Jump in."

"Come along, mor," I sah, howdin' on her arm ;
"I ain't agooin' to luse yow this time."

So we boath got in together, and seein' some on 'em put what they had in their hands undernaan the saat, I shuded the cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin' there, while half on 'em that wor in the waggon come crowdin' into the same place, sayin' they wouldn't luse sight on us for warlds, and that 'twas better'n any play.





CHAPTER III.

JOHNNY IS SUCCESSFUL IN A SERIES OF ARGUMENTS,
BUT IS VANQUISHED IN THE END BY THE FORCE
OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE sattled ourselves down in our saats, and set still for about half a second. Then I begun to think o' what I had haard about the carriages runnin' off the irons and bein' smashed; and scores o' paaple killed. Then I thowt o' what 'ud happen to my poor mother at hoam if I wor to be killed, and what Mary's father 'ud du and say, and I felt sort o' shannypated. Jest as I'd made up my mind to be cool and quiet, suffin knocked against us and gin us a rare jerk, an' I wor chucked forrard on to a man what set opposite me, and Mary wor copped into the arms of the man what set opposite her. My heart fared to come right up into my mouth, and as Mary looked right pale, I took ahowd of her hand thinkin' she might be farin' the same as me.

"Don't yow fare scared, Mary mor," I sah; "if anything happen we shall boath die together, and somebody 'll take care o' the owd fooks."

"I arn't scared," she sah, "though it did come rather sudden, din't it?"

"Good paaple," a man sah what was settin' up in a corner, with a white neckhankercher on, and a straight-cut black coat and waistcoat, jest as if he wor dressed up in our owd parson's left-off clothes, "good paaple, we are all in God's hands."

"I know we are," I sah; "I ha' knowed that since I wor three foot high."

Then he pulled a lot o' papers out of his pocket and handed one round to aach.

"What is this for?" I sah, tarnin' the paper round and round.

"To raad," he sah.

"I can't raad," I sah; "tell us what is on it."

"Why," some on 'em sah, "he want to shet up all the public housen."

"What for?" I sah.

"He doant like beer hisself," they sah, "and he doant like others to hev any."

"Well," I sah, "I doant like white neckhankerchers, nor yit straight-cut black coats and waistcoats, but he may wear as many as ever he like for all me."

Then they all laughed, and the man tarned as red as a tarkey-cock.

"My good man," he sah, laanin' over tu me, "yow doant understand. We only want to give to the paaple the right to du away with what pison the body."

"What!" I sah, "beer pison the body? If beer pisoned the body, I should ha' bin under the sod long agoo."

"Well, it destroy the sowl," he sah.

"How's that?" I sah. "Our owd parson sah 'tis sin what destroy the sowl. There's no sin in a glass o' beer—there's only malt and hop."

Then they all laughed agin, and the man tarned redder and redder.

"Well, but," he sah, "it laad to sin. A man git one glass and then he git another, and so he make hisself tipsy and destroy his sowl."

"Ah," I sah, shakin' my hid, "that's true enough. Yow fust said beer destroy the sowl, and now yow sah the man what make hisself tipsy destroy his sowl. That's kinder different."

Then they all called out "Bravo Johnny," and a lot on 'em shook hands with me, and said I worn't sech a fule arter all.

"Ah, but," he sah, talkin' right loud, and lusing his temper, "if it worn't for the beer he couldn't make hisself tipsy."

"No," I sah, "I don't know as he could; and if it worn't for my mother's nice pork dumplin's, owd Tom Rogers won't ha' ate so much the t'other night, and made hisself ill. I don't think 'twor the fault o' the pork dumplin's, for they du me a haap o' good."

Then he growed redder and redder, and stru's yow're settin' there, he stood right up in the carriage and he throwed his hands about, and he sah, "Yow doant understand yit. A man may injure his stomach by aatin' tu much, but he can't destroy his sowl, his sowl, his sowl," he sah.

"Well," I sah, standing right up tu, and wavin' my

hands about jest as he did, "I ha' knowed a man what took to drinkin' nor'n but tea, and so saved his sowl; and a little while arter run away with another man's wife, and so lost his sowl, his sowl," I sah. "Friends," I sah, "'taint nahther the beer nor yit the pork dumplin's that laad us to make baasts of ourselves, but our wicked hearts," I sah.

Well, yow should ha' haard 'em. They shouted and stamped with joy, and called out "Three cheers for Johnny."

Then the man up, and he sah, "Doant exult, friends. He's only a poor unedicated countryman, born afore the School Boards. He can't understand argeyment."

"Whu sah I'm unedicated?" I sah.

"Why, he du," they sah, pintin' to the man with the white neckhankercher on.

"This is the second time to-day I ha' bin' towld I'm unedicated," I sah; "now are yow edicated?" I sah, tarnin' tu him and lookin' him full in the face.

He smiled a bit, but he didn't sah nor'n.

"Now," I sah, "what wor yow edicated to *du*?"

"*Du*?" he sah.

"Yes," I sah, "what wor yow edicated to *du*?"

"Why," one on 'em sah, "he wouldn't soil his fingers with *duin'*—he only talk."

"I thowt so," I sah; "now I want to ax him whether he wor edicated to plough and hurror and raap and stack, or even to tarn over a muck-haap."

They all laughed agin, and the man with the white

neckhankercher shook his hid and shrugged his showders.

"Yow may shrug yer showders," I sah, "but as far as I can make out yow wor only edicated to wag yer tongue; and whu's the better for't? Now I wor edicated yaar arter yaar to use my hands till they are as hard as a bit o' board, to put bread into the mouths of a parcel o' soft-handed, lazy do-nor'ns," I sah. "What would yow du for bread if nobody knew how to sow and raap?" I sah.

Then they all shouted agin, "Bravo, Johnny."

"Now," I sah, "look at Mary. Mor, howd up yer hid; yow're as good as the best amon' 'em. She wornt edicated to raad, but she wor larned how to make a bed and scrub a room; she aint afaared o' the wash tub, can bake a good batch o' bread, make a stammen good hard dumplin', and mix the pigs' wittles as well as ere a one in the parish, besides salt a bit o' fat pork that would make yer mouths water. That's the sort of edication," I sah, "to kaap the world agooin'."

The man in the white neckhankercher sunk back in his saat, and he din't sah no more.

I fared to faal arter that more at hoam like, and kinder proud, and I begun to wonder when we should goo off. Jest then there was a shrill shraak and a puff and snort, and a groan or tew as if the great fiery monster wor in pain, and we begun to move along. As we wor gooin' along kinder slow and asy, I sah to Mary, "I fare to like it, mor. Look up and look around ye. Jest look out and see where we are."

"Look there, John," she sah; "look at that there hall; that must be a lord's house sure-ly, John. That's ever so much bigger'n squire's."

"Oh, no," they sah; "that's where they put the lunatics out o' yin town."

"Ah," I sah, "touched here," puttin' my hand to my hid. "Whu on earth would ha' thowt they'd ha' built a fine place like that for crazy fooks? Du all on 'em in there wear white neckhankers and straight-cut black coats and waistcoats?" I sah, winkin' my eye at 'em.

The man up o' the corner pertended to be aslaap, but I knowed he worn't, for I could see him tarn red agin as the paaple bust out with another laugh.

And now we did begin to goo along. Bor, I shall never forgit it. Arter a few minutes the puffs kept gittin' faster and faster, and at last we weant as hard as a hare. The noise and the rumblin' and the rattlin' tu wor wholly daafenin', and everything saamed to be flyin' by the winders as if they wor alive, and the trees raaled past as if they wor raads blowed afore a great March wind. I begun to faal wholly dizzy-like, and everything was like a wallergig. Presently we come to a place where there wor a lot o' haath and ferns like, and then by and by we begun to goo slow and slower, and soon stopped. Then a man runned along by the doors o' the carriages and he called out "All-well."*

* Johnny's ears deceived him. The man announced the fact that they had arrived at Orwell Station.

"Oh yes," I sah, "we are *all well* enough, except that gentleman in the white neckhankercher, and he's took kinder bad. 'Taint strong drink as hev hurt him though," I sah, "but strong argeyment."

Well, we stopped here some time, and they dragged us backards and forards, and I haard the raason was that they'd taken off the travellin' carriage of a rich colonel that they called Tom sussen or another, who ha' got more silver, they sah, than the mint can tarn into shillin's if they work night and day for a twelve-month.* While we wor settin' here, a owd gentleman that I had haard layin' down the law to everybody jest behind me, touched me on the showder at the back, and he sah, when I tarned round to look at him, "My good man, yow fare to be proud o' yer ignorance; yow shouldn't despise erudition."

"I never haard parson raad any good about Herod," I sah.

"Yow doant understand," he sah, "I maan larnin'; yow shouldn't despise larnin'."

"Now, Johnny," some on 'em sah, "yow'll he't; the Lord Chancellor ha' got about ye."

"I don't care what lord he is," I sah; "I don't understand yer big words nor yit yer ways," I sah, "but as far as we ha' sin 'em, we don't much like 'em. Now I'll ax him a question or tew."

"Anything ye like," the owd gentleman sah, "and I'll answer ye, for I'm well qualified."

* Though Johnny had forgotten the name of this gentleman, most readers will recognise it as that of the personage who quarrelled several times with the Master of the Mint.

"Well," I sah, "I din't know yow'd bin done that tu. But, howsumever, yow've haard about Adam and Eve, ain't ye?"

"Yes," he sah, "I hev;" and he laughed in a knowin' kind o' way.

"So hev I," I sah; "I haard our owd parson raad about 'em last waak. Now," I sah, "I ax ye, what book larnin' had they got?"

"Well," he sah, "I s'pose they han't none."

"No," I sah, "and I haard him raad that they wor put in the garden to dress it and to kaap it—to work hard."

"Well," he sah agin, rubbin' his chin, "that was so, I s'pose."

"Yes," I sah; "but they hankered arter larnin', and got the fruit o' knowledge, and rare fules they made o' theirselves."

Well, my Lord Chancellor, as they called him, wor wholly baat. He tarned his hid away athowt answerin' a word, while the paaple chaffed him rarely.

Howsumever, I worn't goin' to let him git off so. So I sah, "Mary and me don't hanker arter book larnin'. I dress and kaap the land, and Mary dress and kaap her house, and that's all we ha' got to du. Why," I sah, "I ha' haard o' fooks with a haap o' larnin' that doant faal they ha' got sowls, as me and Mary du, but whu howd that they are no better'n our master's jackass."

Jest as I sah that there wor another whistle and a shraak and a scream, and away we weant agin, thunderin' along past fealds as big as a whole farm at

hoam here, and so arter a time we got to where we wor told we had to git out, and they said it wor Flaixstow.

"Come along, Mary mor," I sah. "I ain't sin yer fellow yet since we ha' bin out, and there ain't ere a one o' these chaps fit for yow, so I doant maan to luse sight on ye."

"Doant yow faar for me, bor," she sah; "I wouldn't hev one on 'em if every hair o' their hids wor hung with a dimond."

Then I jest took a tarn round the station and looked about, and arter shakin' hands with the man with the white neckhankercher and my Lord Chancellor, I took howd of her arm and marched off.

As we had come out to see the saa, I thowt we'd go straight down to the water, and so we weant the nearest way, boath on us faarin' as silly as tew owd hosses tarned out to grass arter a hard day's work.

Arter we had bin walkin' some time, I stood stock still, and fared rooted to the ground.

"Consarn it, Mary," I sah, "where's the cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin'?"

"There!" she sah, "yow never took 'em out o' the carriage."

"No more din't yow," I sah; "they are undernaan the saat where I put 'em."

Well, I fared struck all of a haap. I put my hand in my pocket to faal my money, but I knowed there wor only three shillin's and a few ha'pence there athowt countin' it, and that was all I'd got in the world.

"We must go back, Mary mor, and get 'em," I sah,
"for I doant know what we shall du athowt 'em."

So we tarned back and weant to the station. But when we got there to ax about 'em, the man said the train was gone on, with the cowl pork dumplin' and the apple puddin' tied up in my best silk hankercher undernaan the saat.





CHAPTER IV.

THE VISITORS' FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE SEA ; THEY HEAR ABOUT THE GREAT SCIENTIFIC THEORY, AND ARE CONSTRAINED TO LISTEN TO TWO EXTRAORDINARY TALES—ONE ABOUT A VORACIOUS RAILWAY GUARD, AND THE OTHER ABOUT A LEARNED PIG.

"WELL," I sah to the man at the station, when he tow'd us that the train was gone on, "what are we to du?"

"Du?" he sah ; "why you should take care o' yer things. Yow'd better go on toward the pier ; perhaps yow'll find 'em there."

"Why, where's that?" I sah.

"Down hinder," he sah ; "the train is gone on there. If yow hand 'em in yer card the whole staff'll be at yer sarvice."

"Hand 'em in my card?" I sah ; "what du yow maan? I handed half on it to yow when we come up, and I ain't got to give the other half up till we goo back."

Then he laughed, and he sah says he, "Why din't yow wire that yow wor comin', we'd ha' had a reception for ye if ye had."

"Wire!" I sah, "what on earth are yow talking about?"

"Why," he sah, "why din't yow telegraph?"

"How should I tell him?" I sah; "I doant even know him."

"That's a pity," he sah, "'cos if yow'd ha' done that we'd ha' had all the wisitors up, and made a fortune by chargin' 'em sixpence each to look at yow and yer young woman."

"Come," I sah, lookin' at him as black as thunder; "none o' that; doant yow talk about her. We want our pork dumplin' and apple puddin'."

"Well," he sah, "doant I tell ye? Go yow on to the Pier Station; 'nounce yer name and title and that o' yer noble lady, and every one o' the company's sarvants 'll fly to du yer biddin', and wery likely kneel afore ye and present the lost wiands on a silver dish."

"Come along, Mary mor," I sah; "it fare to me that he's one o' them paaple broke out o' that big house we past on the way. Let's go off to the Pier Station and see if there's any more o' the same sort there."

So I took howd of her arm, and we walked off, the man laughin' and lookin' arter us as if we wor a couple o' curositities.

"Well, Mary, mor," I sah, "I doant s'pose we shall git 'em. What are we to du now?"

"Why," she sah, "we must du as we ha' done in days gone by. It oant be the fust day we ha' gone athowt wittles, wool it?"

"No," I sah, "wus luck—not by a good many. I

ha' knowed the time when sorrow ha' bin at my heart, and I ha' had nor'n but a raw frosted swede tarnip for my dinner, and glad to git home at night to a nice mess o' hot biled taters and pepper and salt."

"Poor boy!" she sah with a taar standin' in her bright brown eye; "let us thank God that times are better now, and sure-ly we can make shift for one day."

As she sah that, I tarned round and looked at her, and she did look so kind and so pratty that I could ha' gon her a good hearty hug, but as there wor paaple about I only squaged her arm a little tighter.

"Well, mor," I sah, brightenin' up, and puttin' my hand in my pocket, "here's one bright shillin', and here's another, and another," and I pulled 'em out one by one, and showed 'em tu her.

"Lor!" she sah, "what's the use o' makin' a fuss if yow ha' got all that? That's more'n we shall want. Arter I ha' paid everything o' Saturday night I ain't so much as that to get throw the whole waak with. So let's get to the saa as quick as we can and enjoy ourselves."

"So we wool," I sah.

Then I gon her another squage, and I fared as happy as an owd mavish over a dodman.* Then we walked and walked a good long way, and at last we come close down unto the saa. Bor, it is the most 'mazin' sight yow ever seed. The saa haaved up and

* A "mavish," we believe, is a thrush; and a "dodman," a snail.

down, and saamed to stretch on and on till it met the sky, and there worn't no end tu it. I wor wholly stammed.

"Mary," I sah, "du look at it! Ain't it wonderful? Wherever du yow think all that water come from?"

"Why," she sah, "God made it."

"Ah," I sah, "I know that, and so He did the water at hoam; but when we want to get it we hev to make a well, or dig a dyke. Du yow think this was dug out for the water to come into?"

"Lor, no, bor," she sah, "that's jest as God made it."

When she sah that a voice behind us sah, "How du yow know that's jest as God made it?"

I tarned round, and there wor a middle-sized white-haired gentleman standin' there with a pair of spetacles on his nose and a book in his hand. I looked at him smilin' like, and he looked smilin' like at me, and he sah says he, "How du yow know that's jest as God made it?"

"Come," I sah, lookin' at him full in the face, "how du yow know it ain't?"

"Well," he sah, "I don't know myself; but I'm not a larned man, and the writer o' this book is. He ha' studied so much that he don't fare to know nothin' for sartain. He don't know whether God made it at all or whether he din't."

"Why," I sah, "I thowt every fule knew that."

"Every fule may," he sah; "but yow see every wise man don't. This man," he sah, tappin' the

book with his finger, "know all about the land and the saa, what's above the sky, and what's under the aarth."

"Du he?" I sah; "why he know more'n our owd parson."

He laughed as pleasant as yow ever see a man laugh, and he sah, "Yow fare to be brother and sister to my owd friends Giles and Sairey; and yow are as like 'em as tew paas in a peck are to one another. Now," he sah, "I'll tell ye how this man think the world might ha' bin made athowt a God at all."

"I should like to haar it," I sah; "and when I goo hoam I'll tell parson and all the fooks."

"Well," he sah, "first there wor a lot o' hot gas everywhere. They call it cosmic gas. Then that cooled down and tarned to water. Arterwards it sattled into dry land. Then yaars arterwards little mites o' fish begun to come in the water; then they made bigger ones; these bigger ones made baasts; and the baasts made man."

"Lor," I sah, "Mary mor, what a wonderful thing larnin' is! What a wise baast that must ha' bin that made man! I allus thowt it wor God."

"It wor only a monkey," he sah, as cool as a cow-cumber; "it wor what they call a man-like ape."

"Mary," I sah, "we don't know nothin'. If a monkey made man, what a wonderful creatur man will make some time or other."

"No doubt he wool," he sah; "but yow are ignorant and can't understand these things."

"Yes," I sah, "we *are* ignorant. Nahther Mary

nor me can't raad a letter. But," I sah, "if the hot gas made the water, what made the hot gas?"

"Ah," he sah, "good by, I was jest thinkin' o' that myself," and he laughed as pleasant as ye please, and weant sarnterin' off beside the saa.

"Well, Mary mor," I sah, "we ha' come out to larn suffin. Whu'd ha' thowt o' that?"

"Don't be foolish, John," she sah, "my mother allus towld me that God made everything, and I beleave her afore any one."

"That's right, Mary mor," I sah, "but du look! Ain't it wonderful? Look how them there waves come dashin' up on the sand one arter the other like a flock o' shaap laapin' throw a gap. And ain't the wind nice? Why it make yer chaaks like roses," I sah, "and the breath that come atwaan them white teeth o' yers as swaat as new-mown hay."

"There, there, bor," she sah, "don't yow go on like that, or I shall run right away and laave yow to walk by yerself."

Well, I kinder laughed, and we weant sarnterin' on, and I can't tell'ee how happy I felt with Mary laanin' on my arm right heavy like. When I felt the braaze a blowin' in my face, and haard the rollin' o' the waves on the baach, and see 'em come craapin' up and carlin' over so pratty, and then dash down unto the sand all a craamy white, and come right up unto my highlows, I sah, "Ain't it nice, Mary?"

"Lor no," she sah, "I don't care a mite fo't. I like the lanes up at home a good deal better. Barnt if there's anything to see here but sand and water,"

she sah, "and the water is jest like the water at hoam. I thowt it was all blue."

"Blue, did ye, Mary?" I sah; "what made yow think it was all blue?"

"Why," she sah, "I ha' haard that ever since I wor a little gal, and doant the song sah so? And now I find the saa is jest like other water."

"Ah," I sah, "I never thowt o' that. Whatever make 'em sah it's blue?"

And so we weant on, but we din't fare to come to the Pier Station, and by and by we met a man and axed him the way tu it, and he towd us to cut right across where he pintoed tu, and off we weant that way. Arter a good brisk walk we come to the place, and we weant up tu the man there, and I sah says I, "Hev yow haard anything of a cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin'?"

"Haard on 'em?" he sah; "I should think I hev. When I wor at hoam, us young'uns used to lick our chops rarely over them delicacies."

"Ah but," I sah, "these that I maan we left undernaam the saat o' one o' the carriages tied up in a silk handkercher, and the man at yin station towd us to come here and git 'em."

"Where did yow come from?" he sah.

"We come from Hamsen,"* I sah; "and we left that great town where there's a mort o' shops and paaple this mornin' by staam."

* We have searched the map of Suffolk, but can find no such place. We presume the village referred to is Hemingstone.

"Well," he sah alaughin', "that's exactly where yer delicacies are gone back tu."

"Du yow think we shall ever get 'em any more?" I sah.

"That's cordin'ly," he sah; "all I know is, that guard what's on to-day ha' got the character of hevin' a most voracious appetite, but doant yow say I towld ye."

"I oant sah a word about it," I sah.

"Doant," he sah, "and as yow're a open-minded young man, I'll tell yow a tale or tew. Hev yow any sense o' humor?" he sah.

"I doant know," I sah; "hev we got sech a thing as that at hoam, Mary?" I sah.

"Ah," he sah, laughin' right loud, "I doant want to ax yow arter that. I see yow hev. Now," he sah, "there was a party come down here one day last summer jest for a pic-nic."

"Are they to be found about here?" I sah; "I see some young mawthers pickin' up suffin by the saa as we come along."

"Yow are a famous chap for a joke; yow brim over with jocularity," he sah, laughin' agin. "Well, as I towld ye, they come down here for a pic-nic, and they'd got a nice hamper o' delicacies and they left it undernaan the saat jest as yow did. They come here and axed about it, and I towld 'em it was gone back to yin town. It so happened that wery same guard was on, and, as he's wery careful, he seed the hamper undernaan the saat and took it into his wan to take care on. The party what browt it down said there

wor tew roast chickens stuffed with sausage meat, half a ham, three tup-penny loaves, with a bottle o' sherry and a bottle o' port in it. The guard kept his eye on it the whole time, and yit when it come back and was opened a bottle o' the sherry was half gone and so was the port, one whole chicken and half another was devoured, and there was nothin' left o' the ham only the bone, while the loaves had shrunk away to one."

"Why," I sah, "somebody must ha' got at 'em and ate and drunk his fill."

"No," he sah, "that worn't it; that guard is a honest man, though he is said to hev a voracious appetite, and he swore nobody had bin naar it and it han't bin touched."

"Well," I sah, "that du fare funny."

"Not so funny as what I'm going to tell yow," he sah, "and which happened with the wery same guard. The same party come down a few days arterwards with another hamper, and they happened to laave it in jest the same manner, undernaan the saat. O' course it weant back and the honest guard took per-session on it, and kept his eye on it the whole time. The oddest thing about it was that when the hamper come back, a pie that was in it was half eaten, and one o' the bottles was half emptied, and that guard looked so ill that he din't know what to du with his-self. When the gentleman opened the hamper and seed the pie half gone, he sah says he, 'It's a great pity, for that pie was made out o' one the finest tom cats yow ha' sin for many a day, and that wine was

mixed by the doctor, and if anyone ha' took more'n a tablespoonful he'll fare really bad.' It's a curious thing," he sah, "but that guard *did* fare rarely bad, and he worn't seen on duty no more for a month. Now," he sah, "he's on duty to-day, and yer pork dumplin' and apple puddin' are gone with him."

"Well," I sah, "du yow think I shall hev 'em any more?"

"I laave ye to guess," he sah; "his appetite hev lately grown more voracious than ever. Don't spaak on it," he sah, "or I shall luse my place."

"I oant spaak on't," I sah.

"Where du yow sah yow come from?" he sah.

"Hamsen," I sah, "and I ha' got a cousin whu live at Chimpin, and another at Barfull."*

"Well," he sah, "I never haard o' them places o' renown. But du all the citzens there faast on delicacies like them yow ha' lost?"

"Come along, Mary mor," I sah, "what's the use o' standin' talkin' to him? I beleave he's like that other man—broke out the 'sylum we come past this mornin'. I wonder where yow got all yer know, mate?" I sah.

"Now," he sah, "I'll tell ye. Yow're a interestin' object, and this ain't a wery lively place, so as yow ha' got a sense o' humor yow're a 'telligent listener, which we doant orfen get here. Now when I was a

* After much enquiry and research, we have come to the conclusion that one of the above-named places is Chelmondistone, near Ipswich; and the other East Bergholt, on the border of Suffolk, near to Essex.

little boy I lived in a willage as yow du, and there one day come to the place a man that had got a larned pig. Did yow ever see one? "

"I ha' haard o' larned jackasses as I tow'd a man this mornin'," I sah, "but I never haard o' larned pigs."

"Well," he sah; "there was one come to our willage. That animal could spell yer name, pick out any number ye liked, and tell what young maid draamed of her swaatheart the night afore."

"I never haard o' sech a thing," I sah.

"Never mind," he sah; "so it was. Well, the man stopped in our willage a whole waak, and made a haap o' money by paaple going to see the larned pig. Now my father weant to see it, and he had got a pig jest the same size and shape and color, and the night afore the man was goin' to laave he took his own pig and put it in the place o' the larned pig, and browt him hoam in a sack."

"Why," I sah, "that was a robbery."

"No," he sah, "it's a maxim that exchange is no robbery. Well, my father fatted the larned pig up for a waak or tew, and then he killed him. He never parted with a mite o' that pig out o' the family. We all ate that larned pork, and the more we ate the more larnin' we got, till when we finished the last mite nahther the parson ner yit the lawyer durst come where we wor for faar o' bein' taken down by us."

"Come along, Mary mor," I sah, "he's only makin' fun on us."

"Stop a minute," he sah; "yow ain't haard the

whole on it. When the owner o' the larned pig tried to git my father's pig to go throw his business, he couldn't du anything, and that man did hide the poor thing most onmerciful. Stop a minute—doant yow be in a hurry. Now, my father was very fond o' that pig, and haarin' how it was hided, he took a pailful o' the broth in which a leg o' the larned pig had been biled, and walked all the way with it to the willage where the man then was, and mixed it with the wittles, and the next day the new pig knew jest as much as the owd 'un. There, that's as true as yow are standin' there garpin' with yer hat down on yer showders and yer young woman on yer arm with her mouth wide open. If yow could only get a dumplin' made out o' larned pork, yow'd soon be as wise as me," he sah.

Well, if yow'd ha' gon me all the world I couldn't help laughin', he said it so sarious like.

He sah, "I like to see yow smile—it du me good. Did my mate up hinder saam to yow to be full o' sperits?"

"Yes," I sah, "he did, if that's how yow put it; but, blarm me, if I know which fare the biggest fool o' the tew."

"Yow must excuse us," he sah; "but we can't help it. We are oddly sitiuated. For six months in the yaar we don't see scarcely a sowl, and the other six months we see so many we git elewated, and at sech times we're 'ceptible, and if anyone that's at all shannypated come and spaak to us we ketch his complaint and show it in a moment."

"Ah," I sah, "yow're tu much for me, so I bid yow good day."

"Good-by," he sah, as he stood lookin' at us as we walked off; "if I should haar anything o' yer pork dumplin' and apple puddin' I'll take care on 'em for ye till ye come next yaar."

"Did yow ever haar sech a fule as him, Mary?" I sah; "but it's sure and sartain that we shan't see them any more, so we'd better git as fast as we can to Flaixstow, where we can git suffin to ate and drink, for I du begin to fare nation hungry."





CHAPTER V.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TELLS JOHN AND MARY A TRUE TALE, AND THEY INDULGE IN A DONKEY RIDE WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES.

WELL, arter we left the Pier Station, we thowt we'd goo down by the saa agin, and as we wor agooin' along we seed a sowjer in the distance in his fine clothes, and when we got up to him, I looked at him and he looked at me, and all of a sudden he sah, "Hullo, Johnny, is that yow?"

"Yes," I sah, "it is. What's that yow, Jack?"

"What on aarth ha' browt yow here?" he sah; "what's that yow, Mary?"

I sah, "It's boath on us, and we ha' come out jest to look at Flaixtow."

"Well," he sah, "that's up hinder ever so far. But now yow are here yow'd better look at the Fort."

"So we wool," Mary sah, "anything's better'n looking at this 'ere saa."

So we weant along with him, and he showed us a great big place that had walls as thick as a stack o' whaat, and great big guns that made me right scared

to look at 'em. It was bigger'n the biggest farm-yard I ever see, and there wor sowjers settin' about in it.

"Lor, Mary," I sah, "look here. Our pork dumplin' if we had it would wobble about i' the mouth o' this 'ere gun. Why the biggest prize tarnip master ever growd from Daniels' seed o' Norwich wouldn't fill it out."

"It's a big 'un, ain't it?" Jack sah.

"Yes," I sah; "du they ever let it off, Jack?"

"Ah," he sah, "that they du; and whenever they let that off the powder in it cost more than yow could earn in a fortnight."

"Why!" I sah, "yow don't maan it."

"I du though," he sah.

"What's the use on it, Jack?" I sah.

"Now," he sah, "I'll tell'ee. Suppose there's a enemy's ship out at saa hinder. Let us say a Rooshun. Suppose the Czar and five hundred men are aboard. We load this little fellow with powder and ball. We swing him round with these fixin's, point him, fire him off. The ball go into the ship atwaan wind and water, and make a hole in her. The water rush in, and down she goo with all aboard."

"Poor sows!" I sah, "what would become on 'em?"

"That's the fortune o' war," Jack sah, wholly unconsarned like.

"Why, Jack," I sah, "I ha' haard parson raad that we should love our enemies; ain't us, Mary?"

"Yes," she sah, "and that's what we should du."

"Ah," Jack sah, alaughin', "that's only an owd woman's rockstaff."

"What them words a rockstaff?" I sah.

"Yes," he sah, "and all other words like 'em. Why yow raad nothin', and yer mind is wholly dark. Since I left hoam I ha' took to raadin', and I ha' larned that the whole duty o' man is to kill his enemies and git glory."

"What!" I sah, "git glory by duin' what he's tow'd he shon't du?"

"Ah yah," he sah, "yow are ignorance itself. Yow should raad big books. Why we had a waryer once what crossed saas and killed whole haaps o' our enemies. Well, they made him a duke. Then there was another a few yaars agoo what weant among the African blacks, and stood at a distance and mowed 'em down like shaap, and not a hair o' the hid o' one of his own men wor hurt. Well, they made him a lord."

"Jack," I sah, "I know that ain't true."

"That's as true," he sah, "as yow're standin' there. I tell ye," he sah, "that's glory. Yow never haard o' anyone bein' made a duke or a lord 'cos he loved his enemies, hev ye?"

"Jack," I sah, lookin' down on him sorrowful like, "I never did. I'm sorry, bor, yow ha' took to raadin'. Mary and me love our enemies, and afore we'd take to killin' them we'd be killed ourselves, won't us, mor?"

"Yes," she sah, "that we would; I won't hev a single fellow-cretur's blood on our hids, much less a

thousan'. Had them fooks, what yow ha' bin spaakin' on, Jack, wives and child'en and swaathearts?" she sah.

"Of course they had," he sah; "but that's their look out."

"Well, Jack," I sah, "this is the fourth time to-day we ha' bin called ignorant. We can't raad, but we ain't took laave of our senses. Bor, doan't raad any more, and try and du a little hard work."

He shook his hid and laughed, and looked at us as if he pitied our darkness.

"Don't pity us, Jack," I sah; "we can boath on us du as hard a day's work as any man or woman in the parish, and thow jest now we ha' lost our cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin' that we browt for our dinner, we ha' got three bright shillin's, and our hearts are as light as a feather."

Then he axed us to goo and hev a glass o' beer and a biscuit at the canteen, which we did, and it took away our luse ha'pence.

"Well," he sah, "I s'pose yow want to goo to Flaixstow?"

"Yes," I sah, "we du."

"Then," he sah, "yow goo straight along by the side o' the water, and in a half-an-hour or so yow'll come tu't, and yow'll find suffin to interest ye there."

"Well, good bye, Jack," I sah. "Bor, doan't raad. I ha' found out four times to-day that it's a bad thing to du. It only make fools o' paaple. Work hard and doan't raad."

So we walked off agin to goo to Flaixstow, and arter

we had walked a little while we see comin' in front of us tew young mawthers ridin' on tew dickeys, with their hats all blown behind 'em and hangin' down their showders, and their hair all tumbled over their faces, and they wor laughin' as loud as yer plaase, and there wor tew boys runnin' behind the dickeys with big sticks, and hidin' the poor creaturs. Jest as they got up to us, I sah, "Yow young rascals, what are yow hidin' them dickeys for? I'll take them sticks away from yow and hull 'em into the saa if yow hit them dickeys any more."

"What are the dickeys to du with yow?" they sah; "the ladies want to hev 'em goo, doan't they?"

Jest then the young mawthers got off the dickeys, and said "Thank'ee, and good arternoon" to the boys, and put their hats right, and walked off.

Then the boys come up to us laadin' the dickeys, and they sah, "Du yow and yer Mary hev a ride."

"Thank'ee," I sah, "I think we wool. Mary," I sah, "won't yow like a ride?"

"I doan't mind," she sah.

"Jump on," the boys sah.

"Mind ye," I sah, "doan't yow hit the dickeys; they'll goo athowt that."

The dickeys had got ladies' saddles on, so I got on one right close to his tail, and Mary got on the other, and they set off along the saa-side at a rattlin' gallop, and we weant on till we got right back to the Fort.

"Now, I think, Mary," I sah, "we'd better tarn back."

So we tarned the dickeys round, and jest as we did

that, there wor a gust o' wind come and blowed Mary's best hat with the yaller ribbons right into the saa, and all her beautiful brown hair right over her showders.

"Well, Mary mor," I sah, "we ha' done it now. Yer hat is gone, and we shall never git that no more."

And 'stru's yow're settin' there that was floatin' ever so far out at saa, and while we stood garping at it, it sunk right under the water, and we couldn't see it no more.

"Ah," she sah, "I knew suffin 'ud happen when I mung the miller's eye out this mornin'."

"Well, Mary, mor," I sah, "it's no use makin' a fuss about it; it's gone, and I must buy yow another. Jest du up yer hair abit, and I'll tie yer hankercher over yer hid, and so yow must make shift till we git hoam."

She's a rare good-tempered mawther is Mary, and though I kep' pullin' her hair down as fast as she did it up, she stood it all till I managed to gon her a kiss while I wor atyin' her hankercher over her hid, when she lifted her hand to gon me a clout o' the ears, and off weant my hat tu, and the wind took it up and carried it right into the saa, and away it floated jest as her's had done. We boath stood wholly struck, and couldn't do nor'n only garp at it till it was about a hundred yards off.

"Well, Mary," I sah, "since yer hat is gone, I'm glad mine is gone tu, for now we can't laugh at one another. Yow'll ha' to tie my red cambric hankercher over my hid as I ha' tied yowrs, and then we shall



make a wery good match, and there'll be a pair on us."

So she tied my hankercher over my hid, and we jumped on the dickeys and off we set agin.

When we got off I sah, "There, my boys, yow see they'll goo athowt hidin' if yow only know how to manage 'em. Howsumever, tho' we hev lost our hats I thank ye for the ride, and good arternoon," I sah jest as the young mawthers said.

"Good arternoon!" the boys sah, "that ain't quite good enough; yow must pay us. We ain't gooin' to make a set-off against yer hats; yow should ha' taken care on 'em."

"Pay ye?" I sah; "why, what du yow maan?"

"Sixpence aach," they sah; "that's the price for the ride yow ha' had."

"Sixpence aach for a ride on a dickey?" I sah; "why yow boys must be as mad as them men at the tew stations. Whu'd think o' payin' for a ride on a dickey? In our parts we are paid for ridin' on dickeys and hosses tu."

"Never mind," they sah; "we want one shillin' out o' yow."

"One shillin'," I sah; "why that'll take me half a day to aarn it, and du yow think I'm gooin' to pay that for half an hour's ride?"

Then them boys did swear most awful, and said they'd hev me up afore the beaks, and jest then they beckoned to a owd man in the distance. When he come up, he sah says he, "If yow doan't pay I shall give yow in charge; and here," he sah, "is the policeman; so du jest as yow like."

Sure enough there was a bobby not far off, and when he come up and haard about it he sah, "Did yow hev the ride?"

"Yes," I sah, "we did; but whu'd ha' thowt it 'ud hev to be paid for?"

"Pay the money, my man," he sah, "athowt any more words."

"Well, Mary," I sah; "there's no help for't; there's one out o' the three shillin's gone. There it is," I sah, pullin' out the money and givin' it to the owd man.

"That's right," the policeman sah; "it's a sarious crime yow ha' bin tryin' to commit in takin' adwantage o' these innocent young boys. I shall kaap my eye on yow tew, and mind yow doan't get into my clutches afore yow're done with. Yow look more like tew idle wanderin' gipsies than anything else."

"Well, Mary," I sah, arter they had gone off, "this is a pretty mess. We ha' made a nice hand o' ourselves. And arter all to be took for tew wagabone gipsies!"





CHAPTER VI.

THE VISITORS ARE PERPLEXED ABOUT THE BATHING MACHINES, AND HEAR A REMARKABLE TALE ABOUT THEIR VIRTUES, AND ARE ULTIMATELY VICTIMIZED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We hadn't walked a very long time arter we had left the boys with the dickeys when we see a lot o' paaple marnderin' about on the sand in the distance, and what looked like some caravans in the water.

"What on aarth are them there carts in the saa for, Mary?" I sah, "with their sharves on the sand?"

"I doan't know," she sah, "no more'n the man in the moon. That du fare curious," she sah.

"They ain't waterin' carts, are they?" I sah.

"No," she sah; "du yow look there, there's some women agooin' in. Sure-ly they ain't washerwomen, and they wash their things here in the saa."

"No," I sah, "that ain't it. I can't see the linen lines to dry the things on. What the mendin'!" I sah, "there's some men agooin' in now. Perhaps they goo in there to set and fish."

"It can't be that," she sah; "when we git a little

further up we'll ax somebody. Ax that there little boy," she sah.

She pintoed to a little chap that stood there, and what had on a little hat and a little coat and waistcoat jest like a little owd man.

So I weant up to him and sah, "Grandfather, what are them there things standin' in the saa?"

"What du yow call me grandfather for?" the little boy sah.

"Why," I sah, "'cos yow ha' got yer grandfather's clothes on, passed the wrong end of a telescope."

"Oh," he sah, laughin', "I'm a blue boy out for a holiday. All the blue boys hev clothes like these. But them there things," he sah, "are bathin' machaines."

"Bathin' machaines," I sah; "I ha' sin throshin' machaines, raapin' machaines, and mowin' machaines, but I never see a bathin' machaine afore. What du they want to bathe 'em for?" I sah.

"Bathe what?" the little boy sah, lookin' up and laughin'.

"Why, the machaines," I sah.

"They doant bathe the machaines, master," he sah; "the paaple go in 'em to bathe."

"What, bathe in them?" I sah; "I should ha' thow: they'd bathe in the water."

"So they du," he sah; "they only goo in there to undress and hang up their clothes."

"Lor," Mary sah, "so they du. Jest look at 'em. There they are all in the water and the women amon' 'em. I know 'em by their long hair."

"I'm ashamed on 'em," I sah. "Come along, Mary mor, and let's look at suffen else."

Jest as we wor tarnin' away, a owd sailerin' lookin' chap, with his trowsers tucked up and his legs all naked, come up and sah, "Beautiful time for a bathe, miss—best of 'commodation."

"What, bathe there?" she sah, "afore all these fooks? I could smack yer chops for axing me," she sah.

"No offence, miss," he sah, "the ladies all du it, and it's a nice time for it."

"It's a thing we doant 'prove on," I sah; "besides, what's the use on it?"

"The use on't?" he sah; "why, saa-bathin' du the constitution a haap o' good."

"It may du good to that," I sah; "but I doant see it 'ud du *me* any good."

"Yow doant understand," he sah; "it improve yer health. Bless yer innocence," he sah, "I know gentlemen whu ha' bin down on their pins and whu ha' bin set up on 'em by one dip. There come to me one day a gentleman whu was as pale as a white tarnip, and as laan as death, and so waak he could hardly put one foot afore another. He come totterin' up tu me, and he sah, 'I want a bathe.' I sah tu him says I, 'Yow arn't strong enough to stand it.' 'Well,' he sah, 'the doctors tell me that's what'll du me good, and I ha' come down on parpose by omnibus.' That was afore the trains, and the gentleman made that wery remark, and he sah, 'I ha' got no appetite, and I come down on parpose by omnibus to bathe in yowr

machaine and no other, and I'm gooin' straight back arterwards.' Well, I let him goo into this wery machaine, and he had jest three dips, and when he come out he paid me and shook hands and bid me good-by. About a waak arterwards, as I was standin' as it might be in this wery spot, I see a gentleman with a face like a full moon, and jest about as bright, and with a body like a porpoise, come waddlin' down on the sand, and I said to myself, 'Whu on aarth is this fat jolly man?' He come waddlin' along right up to me, and he stopped and laughed, and he sah, 'How de du?' 'Wery well, I thank'ee,' I sah. 'Yow doant know me?' he sah. 'No,' I sah, 'I doant know as I ha' sin yow afore.' 'Why,' he sah, 'doant yow recollect a man comin' to yow with a face as white as a tarnip, and as laan as death, and totterin' on his pins as if he wor tipsy?' 'Yes,' I sah, 'I du—a waak agoo.' 'That's me,' he sah. 'Never,' I sah. 'It is,' he sah. 'Well,' I sah, 'du yow want to bathe agin?' 'No,' he sah, 'unless yow want me to ruin my family, for since I ha' bin into your machaine, I ha' had sech a appetite that the cook ha' given notice to laave, as she sah she ha' bin used to cook for gentlemen and not for walruses. Now I'm ordered never to bathe no more, but to walk every day to reduce my bulk.' Then he put a bit o' paper into my hand and waddled off, and when I looked at it, I found it was a fiver. Now, it's a beautiful time; oan't ye hev a bathe?"

"No," I sah; "that oant du for me; for on fourteen shillin' a waak I should starve, if I caught sech a appetite as that."

"Jest as we wor a walkin' off, a man come up with a pretty picter o' tew young paaple in his hand, and he showed it to Mary, and he sah says he, "I can du ye boath like this for a shillin'."

"What, can ye?" I sah.

"Yes," he sah, "I can, and the young woman will look charmin'. I ha' took many a countess," he sah, "whu doant look half so well, and whu'd give a thousand pound to hev sech teeth and hair as she ha' got. Hev yerself done, miss, with this gentleman, and it's only one shillin'."

"Come," I sah, "doant call me a gentleman—I'm only a poor man fond o' hard work."

"Well," he sah, "for the matter of that, I'd rather call this willage beauty a lady and yow a gentleman than I would many that ha' got blue blood in their veins."

"Blue blood!" I sah; "whatever du yow maan? I thowt all blood was red."

"So it is," he sah, laughin'; "but we call the blood o' lords and countesses blue by way o' compliment."

"This du fare funny," I sah; "we haar o' the blue saa when it's like other water, and blue blood when it's like other blood. We doant talk so at hoam, du us, Mary? We doant call the milk graan and the grass white."

"Yow are quite right," he sah; "but look at this—same style, one shillin'."

I stood there tarnin' the money over in my pocket and thinkin' how much the other shillin' would buy, and din't fare to know what to du.

"Now, miss," he sah, "look at this picter. If yow hev it done yow can hev yer young man with ye when he's absent, or if he like it better he can hev yow when yow're far away. Like this, only one shillin'."

"Lor," she sah, "we doant want any such non-senses. We shall soon hev one another, and what'll be the use of our picters then?"

"Right agin, Mary mor," I sah; "and now let us see where we can get suffin' to ate and drink."

Then we walked off, and weant up to where there wor three boys playin' o' music, and stood garpin' at them a minute or tew; and see a man with a organ and a monkey what was picking up ha'pence that the children throwed tu it, and jest as we wor gooin' a little further, the man with the picter come up agin.

"Du let me persuade ye, miss," he sah; "with a nice gold frame like this it'll be a ornament to yer drawin'-room when ye marry."

"I sah, "We nahther on us doant draw, so we shant hev nothin' o' that sort."

But I kep' tarnin' the shillin' over and over in my pocket, and had half a mind to hev it done.

"Yow've left yer lodgin's," he sah, "athowt yer hats, which is no consequence, for yow can remove yer hankerchers, and then the picter wiil have more of an air of domesticity."

"I doant know about hevin' that," I sah; "but of course it'll hev the 'air of our hids."

"Yow've never bin in London, I suppose," he sah, laughin'.

"No," I sah; "nahther Mary nor me never left home afore. All we care about is hard work."

"I allus put the picters of all my customers," he sah, "in the window o' my shop in Bond Straat, London. The last willage beauty," he sah, "that I put in there worn't half so good lookin' as this young creatur, and tew policemen had to be tow'd off every day to kaap the pathway clear, such was the excitement to look at it. One day a gentleman come into my shop, and I knowed in a moment by the style of his walk that he was nothin' less than a duke. 'Johnson,' he sah—for they ãll talk familiar-like to me—'Johnson,' he sah, 'is that young creatur whose picter yow ha' got in yer winder married?' 'No, my lord,' I sah, 'she is not.' 'Is that her brother standin' by her side?' he sah. 'No, my lord,' I sah, 'he is not—he is her swaat-heart.' When I uttered them words he tarned pale. 'Johnson,' he sah, 'give me the name o' the place where they live.' I give him the name of the place and he walked away. About a fortnight arterwards he come in agin, lookin' still paler. 'Johnson,' he sah, 'I'm a broken-hearted man; I would ha' made her a duchess, but she oant haar on it—she's faithful to her fust love, and nothin' can 'tice her to laave the youth of her heart.' I lost sight on him for a time, and one day he come into my shop lookin' more dead than alive, and he sah, 'Johnson, I shall soon be gone; I shall laave 'em in my will one hundred pounds a-yaar, and I trust they'll be happy. Yowr picter o' that willage beauty, Johnson, ha' bin my ruin; farewell.' Then he walked

away, and I never see him no more. That willage beauty and her lovin' husband—once only a young ploughboy—are now livin' in a hansom willa just outside o' London, and in the saason I orfen step in and dine at their table. Now, observe, in a gold frame like this! It will look lovely. Why, I'm a'most willin' to du it for nothin' jest for the honor of hevin' a copy to hang up in my shop in Bond Straat."

I tarned over the shillin' once more in my pocket, and I sah, "Blarm it, let's hev it; but we doant want yow to put us in yer shop in Bond Straat."

"Thank'ee, sir," he sah. "May I trouble yow to step this way, miss—jest a leetle way up here, and we'll arrange for ye in one minute."

Mary din't fare to like it, and I sah "Come on, mor; now we're out, it aint worth standin' for a shillin', and I shall hev fourteen more comin' in next Saturday."

Then his mate was about a quarter of an hour fixin' on us, and before he'd got us to his mind, I du be-laave every man, woman, and child on the baach had got round to stare at us.

"Why," one on 'em sah, "where's Mary's fine hat with the yallow ribbons?"

"That's undernaan the water," I sah, "but I can buy her another when I get hoam."

Then they all laughed, and another man shouted, "I'll hev her hair."

"Wool yer?" I sah, "I'd hev yer life fust."

"Well," he sah, "where's yer own hat?"

"That's floatin' out at saa," I sah; "but I can buy another at Naadham."*

"Hev yow ate yer pork dumplin' yet?" another one called out.

"That's gone back to town," I sah, "undernaan the saat o' the carriage."

"Well, yow're got yer parl buttons, I see," said another.

"Yes," I sah, "I aint lost my buttons arter all, but I kinder think some o' yow hev. And here," I sah, "is the young woman that sowed 'em on, and she aint ashamed on't nahther. It's better to be able to sow on a button than 'tis to do nor'n but lummock on the sand and raad."

Then I laughed at 'em good tempered like, and they laughed at me good tempered, and I could see amon' 'em the man with the white neckhankercher and the straight-cut black coat and waistcoat.

Arter a time the man fixed us, and pinte a thing at us as if he wor gooin' to shoot us, and then he took the picter, and by-and-by browt it tu us.

"It come out lovely," he sah, "the young woman was jest openin' her mouth when it was bein' took, and her mouth was a leetle tu wide, but it give her an extra charm," he sah.

"Well, it du look nice," I sah, "but Mary never had a mouth like that—her mouth is like a rosebud, but this is like a tater-trap."

* Needham Market is, we suppose, the place referred to.

He laughed, and he sah, "It'll tone down beautiful in a day or tew, and then it'll be perfect."

"Well," I sah, "I suppose I must he't; but where is the frame?"

"Oh," he sah, "I'll put it in a frame directly, which will be sixpence more."

I fared wholly struck. "Why din't yow sah so afore?" I sah.

"I din't sah so," he sah, with as pleasant a smile as yow ever see, "but it was implied."

"It was what?" I sah, starin' at him with both my eyes.

"Implied," he sah.

"Oh," I sah, drawin' a long breath; "it's implied, Mary, and can't be dear at sixpence more."

So I paid him eighteen pence with a smilin' face, but not a very pleasant mind, and we walked off.

"Now, Mary," I sah, "we ha' made nice asses o' ourselves. We ha' lost our pork dumplin' and apple puddin', our hats are out at saa, we ha' paid a shillin' for a dickey-ride that we din't want, and eighteen pence for a picter that oant be any use to us, and now we ha' only got one sixpence to git throw the rest o' the day with."





CHAPTER VII.

JOHNNY HEARS SOME ELABORATE CALCULATIONS, AND
MAKES A SERIOUS MISTAKE ABOUT THE PRICE OF
A CUP OF TEA.

I PUT the picter into my pocket, and I sah to Mary, says I, "It's no use makin' any fuss about the money, we must have a chaap dinner, and get hoam as soon as we can."

Jest as I sah that, I see some paaple come out of a house on the baach, and one on 'em said to another, "It's verry nice tea, and chaap tu."

"There, Mary," I sah, "that's jest the thing we want. We ain't got enough money to buy any beer, so we'd better hev a cup or tew o' tea, with some buns, and make shift with them. They oan't cost much."

"So we wool," she sah, and up to the place we went. It was a great big place made o' wood, with doors as big as them in our master's barn, and suffin printed on one of 'em. Hows'ever, we couldn't raad it, and so in we went.

There wor dishes o' maat and buns and biscuits, and what-not on the counter; but I knowed it wor

no use thinkin' o' the maat, so we took a bun aach, and I ordered for aach a cup o' tea.

While we wor aatin' and drinkin' there wor tew gentlemen standin' there and talkin' about the wirtues and chaapness o' tea and coffee, and the walyer o' places where workin' men could buy them things instead o' beer.

They looked hard at us, and one of 'em sah to the other, "If places like these could be multiplied on the face o' the aarth, the warld 'ud soon be a paradise. Hev yow ever calculated what 'ud be saved in England if the workin' men 'ud give up drinkin' beer, and take nor'n but tea and coffee?"

"No," the other gentleman sah, "I doan't think I hev. Suffin verry great no doubt."

"Yes," the other one sah; "it would. Let us sah there's six millions o' workin' men in England, and that they hev only a pint o' beer a day. Now," he sah, figgering with a pencil on a piece o' paper, "that 'ud be three pounds aach a year, and multiply by six million give eighteen million a year saved by givin' up a pint o' beer a day and hevin' only tea, which is much better."

"Dear me!" the other one sah.

"Now," the man with the pencil weant on to sah, "s'pose that goo on every yaar at compound interest for fifty yaars, what 'ud that come tu? Why," he sah, "that 'ud come to a sum that no sowl on aarth 'ud draam on, and every workin' man might at that time hev a mansion to live in instead of a mud cottage—all by drinkin' tea instead o' beer."

Jest then I whispered to Mary, "It'll be all right, we'll hev another cup aach—it oant cost much—and when we get hoam we'll give up beer."

"Now," the man with the pencil sah, "here's a honest toiler," pintin' to me; "may I call yow so, my man?"

I sah, "I'm a poor man fond o' hard work."

"I'm glad to haar yow sah so," he sah, "and glad to find yow here drinkin' tea with yer young woman instead o' wastin' yer money in the public house. Now," he sah, with his pencil at work agin, "suppose yow tew when yow're married hev only half a pint o' beer aach a day. Well, that's three pounds and ten-pence a yaar athowt extras. Suppose yow save that—lay it by in a stockin'—for sixty yaars; why yowd hev nearly tew hundred pounds for yer owd days."

"Mary," I sah, "we oant hev no beer when we marry. I wish they'd bring a place like this to our willage."

"We'll du it for every willage in the land by and by," he sah; "but I han't towed yow all yit. Suppose instead o' puttin' yer money in a stockin' yow put it out to compound interest at five per cent.—why that 'ud make—I can't figger it out now, it 'ud take tu long—but that 'ud make I should think a thousand pound or more—all by drinkin' tea instead o' beer."

"Thank'ee, sir," I sah, "for that information; we'll sarteny du as yow sah, and try and save it."

Then they said, "good arternoon," and walked out; and as they weant out at the door I haard one sah to the other, that it was good to drop a word in saason.

Well, arter we'd aaten tew buns, and had tew cups o' tea aach, I whispered to Mary, "We'd better haar how much this is, and see what change we git out afore we hev any more."

So I sah to the young woman, "What ha' we got to pay?"

"Let me see," she sah; "there's four buns, fourpence, and four cups o' tea, eightpence—one shillin'."

I wor that stammed that I couldn't spaak for a moment or tew, and my knees saamed to knock against one another with fright, as I looked round to see whether that policeman what said he'd kaap his eye on us wor anywhere naar.

At last I sah, "How much du yow sah that tea come tu?"

"Why," she sah, "four cups at tuppence a cup is eightpence, and wery chaap."

"*Chaap!*" I sah, as I looked at her with boath my eyes and scratched my hid. "CHAAP! Why I du assure yow I thowt from what them gentlemen said they wor SIX A PENNY."

The young woman opened her eyes and looked at me jest as hard as I looked at her. At last she bust out a laughin' and she sah, "Six a penny! why, where on aarth du yow come from?"

"Why," I sah, "I come from Hamsen, and eight punnor o' tea 'ud make enough for one day for every house in the whole willage."

"Come," she sah, "no nonsense. Look what's printed on the door; it's made fresh for every customer, and it doan't pay at tuppence a cup."

"Tuppence a cup," I sah; "why I could get a whole pint o' beer worth twenty o' sech cups for tuppence, and eightpunnor' o' beer 'ud ha' bin more'n twice as much as me and Mary could drink."

"Ah," she sah, smilin', "beer is beer and tea is tea."

"Beer," I sah, "is good malt and hop, but it fare to me as if tea wor only wery dirty sugared milk and water, and that them tew gentlemen must be mad."

"Come," she sah, "I can't waste any time; yow must pay the money."

"Well, consarn it," I sah, "I can't understand this yit. Up at hoam we make tea all the waak with tew ounces costin' threepence, doan't we, Mary?"

"Ah," she sah, "that we du. Eightpence 'ud make tea for the whole of our family, eight in number, for a fortnight."

"Yes," I sah, "and I shan't pay."

"But you must pay," she sah.

"But I can't," I sah, "for I ain't got only sixpence in the world."

I'd no sooner said them words than I tarned my hid round, and there was that policeman with his eye on us.

"What now?" he sah; "what new crime is this yow're arter committin'?"

"Why," the young woman sah, "they ha' had one shillin's worth o' goods, and now they pertend they ha' got only sixpence to pay for't."

"No pertence at all about it," I sah; "there's the sixpence—all I ha' got; and there's my shet knife,

which cost eighteenpence—take that for the other sixpence.”

“Ah, yah,” the policeman sah; “we can’t hev no sech nonsense as that. I ha’ found yow out once afore to-day, ye know. Yow tried to rob tew innocent boys, and now yow ha’ tried to rob this young woman.”

Dash me if I din’t fare to haar the han’cuffs jinglin’ in his pocket, and I quivered and quaked all over when I felt his hand on my showder, and he sah to the young woman says he, “Du yow giv’ him in charge?”

“Yes,” she sah, “unless he pay the money.”

“I won’t ha’ had it on no account,” I sah, “if I’d ha’ known it. I thowt the cups wor about six a penny, for I du assure yow we can make a dozen as good at Hamsen for the money, can’t us, Mary?”

“Yes,” she sah; “and better tu,” and she was cryin’ and sobbin’ as if her heart ’ud braak.

“Doan’t yow cry,” I sah; “they can’t take us for this.”

“Yow’ll see,” the policeman sah; “yow’ve added insult to injury in runnin’ down the tea, which aint like what yow get at the ’freshment rooms on the line, where the tea is bilin’ and stewin’ all day till its more like Chinese broth than anything else—this fragrant liquid is made out o’ the Consolidated tea, and is brewed fresh for every customer, and yow can not only be took up for obtainin’ goods unlawfully, but yow can hev an action entered against ye for slander.”

Well, I thowt I had set my foot into it now. Jest

then Mary pulled my coat, and she sah says she in a whisper, "Wool they take my blue shawl?"

"No," I sah, "they shan't. Du yow cheer up; here's our friend acomin' in."

Jest as I sah that, the Friend o' Humanity, whu said his heart yarned over me in the wagon, come in at the doorway.

"Hullo!" he sah, "what's amiss?"

"Why," I sah, "I'm in a rare mess."

"I thowt yow'd git in a mess afore the day was over," he sah; "what is it?"

"Now," I sah, "I'll tell yow the whole truth on't. Mary and me come out for a day, and, as yow know, we browt with us a cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin', but we left 'em undernaan the saat in the carriage, and they ha' gone back to yin town. We wanted some wittles and drink, and we come in here, and not knowin' the price o' the tea, we ha' had more'n we can pay for. Can yow lend us sixpence? I shall git my money on Saturday night—fourteen shillin'—and then I'll git the schoolmaster to write a letter and send it tu ye in stamps."

The Friend o' Humanity looked at me a moment and he sah, "Ah, I see; yow're a reckless spend-thrift; it's bad economy eather to borrow or lend—its against the rules o' co-operation. Yow are unwise to git into sech a mess as to want to borrow; I should be unwise to lend."

"Yer character is well known, ye see," the policeman sah; "I shall hev to take him, miss," he sah, lookin' at the young woman.

"If my master and squire wor here," I sah, "they'd soon spake to my character. Besides," I sah, "it's only a debt, and yow can't take me for that."

"Nothin' o' the sort," he sah; "it's obtainin' goods unlawfully."

"Never mind," I sah; "here's a Christian now comin' in, and he'll help me."

Jest then, as luck would hev it, in walked the man with the white neckhankercher and the straight cut black coat and waistcoat, with his hands right chuck full o' papers. I towed him the whole story, and axed him to lend me the sixpence. "I du assure yow," I sah, "from what the gentlemen said, and from what I knowed about makin' tea, I thowt they wor six a penny."

Well, he looked right consarned, and at last he shook his hid sorrowful like, and he sah, "I see ye hevin' yer picters took—useless waste," and athowt another word he give every one in the place a paper and walked out.

"Well, Mary mor," I sah; "what are we to du?"

"I doan't know," she sah, "unless yow'll let me laave this blue shawl."

I sah, "With that yow come, and with that yow shall goo hoam agin."

Jest then I see the white-haired gentleman what towed us how the warld wor made sarnterin' past, with the book in his hand. So I held up my finger and beckoned to him.

"What's amiss?" he sah when he come up.

"Now," I sah, "I'll tell yow the truth. If I'd

ordered four pints o' beer I should ha' known I should ha' had to pay eightpence for 'em ; but I only ordered four cups o' tea, and I du assure yow I thowt they'd be no more'n a penny. I ha' got only sixpence in the warld, and this young woman want a shillin' for four buns and four cups o' tea. So this policeman ha' got me in hand."

The gentleman jest looked at the policeman, and he sah, "If yow'd dewote yer time to kaap the baach clear o' idle adwenturers and photographers and what-not, yow'd du a haap o' good ; but yow owt to know better'n to interfere with honest men."

Sayin' that he chucked down the shillin' afore the young woman, and was agooiin' to walk off.

I got ahowd of his hand, and I gon it the heartiest grip I could, and I sah, "I'll pay ye, I wool, if yow'll only tell me yer name and where to send it."

"My name," he sah, laughin', "is 'Nemo,' a cosmopolitan."

"Jest yow remamber that, Mary," I sah, "Mr. Nemo, of Cosmopolitan," and we'll send him as nice a basket o' cowcumbers as was ever growed—not nasty hot-house things, but natural growed ones, and full o' flavor, with ingens to match."

"Nonsense," he sah, laughin' agin ; "doan't trouble yerself ; they oant find me ; but du yow jest remamber, when yow come out agin, that yow'll want for one day out here more money than yow and Mary—when yow get half-a-dozen round ye—can faad yer whole family on for a month."

Jest as he was agooiin' away, I sah, "May I ax

yow a question? I haard tew gentlemen sah jest now that a pint o' beer saved every day 'ud be over three pounds a yaar, and at the end o' sixty yaars 'ud be naarly tew hundred pounds for our owd days."

"Yes," the gentleman sah; "that's right."

"And at compound interest five per cent. it 'ud be naarly a thousand?"

"Yes," he sah, laughin', "I dare sah that's right."

"Well," I sah, "how much 'ud eightpence a day be saved for sixty yaars?"

"Why," he sah, laughin' agin, "that 'ud be naarly eight hundred pound, and at compound interest ten thousand or more."

"Well," I sah, puttin' on a broad grin, "that's what I shall goo in for; for I shall give up cups o' tea at tuppence a cup, and so Mary and me'll hev a carriage to ride in for our owd days."





CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN AND MARY ARE SENTIMENTAL ON THE SANDS,
A CABMAN QUARRELS WITH THEM FOR SUFFICIENT
REASONS, AND THE CROWNING CATASTROPHE OF
THE DAY OCCURS.

WELL, I must sah, arter that I fared rather shaapish, but we wor frashened up abit by the buns and the tea, and we weant out and walked along the baach agin. There we seed child'en bein' drawed along in carriages by goats, and boys and gals hevin' tew shots a penny for nuts, and found young men and women lummockin' about on the sand, and at last we begun to faal sort o' tired out.

So we weant along till we come to a nice quiet place, and I sah, "Mary, the happiest paaple that I ha' sin to-day are them what are settin' about on the sand tew and tew—let yow and me try that for a change."

"So we wool, bor," she sah; "only du yow kaap a fair distance."

Then we set down, and I got as naar tu her as I could, and I du assure yow that I fared a right down silly. It was nice and warm and bright and frash,

and there saamed a sort o' music in the sound o' the water rollin' up, and when I took ahowd o' her hand I kinder fared in heaven, and I towd her so right down.

"Doan't yow fare the same?" I sah.

"I doan't know," she sah; "we shon't ha' come so far away from hoam. There's no whistlin' o' the birds here," she sah; "and there's no flowers, nor yit a mite o' grass; and as for that noise o' the water, I'd rather haar the cacklin' o' the hins, or the gruntin' o' the pigs in the sty, for there's life in that," she sah. "And what's more," she sah, "we ha' boath on us lost our hats, and I doan't know that suffin else oant happen afore we git hoam."

"Why, Mary," I sah, "that ain't like yow; yow allus kaap a good heart in the wust o' times."

"I can't help it, now," she sah; "my heart is wholly gone; I owt to ha' knowed better'n to come out arter hevin' garped at the new moon throw glass last night."

"Well, mor," I sah, "what *can* happen? Nobody can't rob us, can they?"

"No," she sah, smilin'; "they can't rob us o' much."

"Well, I sah, "I ain't afaared that yow'll fall in love with any o' these town jackanapeses, and yow doan't want to faar that I should be struck with any o' the town mawthers, who never did a hard day's work in their lives."

"I ain't afaard o' that nahther," she sah.

"Well, then," I sah, "what is it?"

"I doan't know, bor," she sah, "but I wish we wor safe hoam, that's all."

Well, I hitched up closer tu her, and I talked tu her about all mander o' things—about what we'd du when we wor married—how many pigs we'd kaap, and whether we couldn't by and by hire a midder and kaap a cow, and get a dickey to drive to town with, and sell her butter and eggs. This made her fare more pleasant like, and arter a time she wor as light-hearted as me, and as we set there the hours saamed to goo like minutes. And I du assure yow that with her naadle and thread and scissors that she allus had in her hussy in her pocket, she had tarned her hankercher into as pretty a hat for herself as yow'd wish to see, and had made me a cap out o' my cambric hankercher that I fared wholly proud on.

At last I sah, "By the look o' the sun it's gittin' time for us to goo to the station."

Then we got up and we walked off. We weant right across the sand and throw some wiry-like grass, and at last we come on to a road where there was a goodish-sized house with a nice garden in front, and some poor creturs in it whu looked as if they wanted to goo in to the owd sailerin' lookin' chap's bathin' machaine, they wor so laan and white.* Arter a time we come to some niceish lookin' housen with cards in the windows, and arterwards to a big public house. Here we axed the way to the station, and we wor towd to tarn to the left. Jest as we did that we see

* This must be the Suffolk Convalescent Home.

a tall lankyish-lookin' man settin' on the outside of a sort o' carriage, and as soon as he seed us, he waved his hands about as if he'd got St. Witus's dance, and he shouted out,

"Why doan't yow make haste? Yow'll be tu late; the last train 'll soon be off; yow ain't any time tu luse; yow'd better jump in—quick."

So we runned up as hard as we could, and the man sah "Jump in," and he slammed the door tu, and got up into his place and cracked his whip and driv off.

Then I took Mary round the waist jest to chaar her up, and gon her a rare good kiss, and I sah, "Now doan't yow think we're lucky? This is a good deal better'n when we come packed like herrin's in a ped, yow at one end and I at the t'other. This is nice and cosy, and sure-ly yow ha' got rid o' all yer foolish faalin's now."

"No," she sah, "I ain't. I faal wus'n ever. We ha' got into plenty o' messes to-day, and we shall hev more afore we git hoam. We shall hev nor'n but bad luck to the end o' the chapter."

"Doan't be silly, Mary," I sah; "ain't this a slice o' good luck? We naarly missed the wan this mornin', and we shu'd ha' missed this if we'd bin a minute later."

Jest as I wor a spaakin' we had got up to the station, and the man opened the door and we got out.

"Thank'ee," I sah; "are we in time?"

"Yes, sir," he sah, puttin' his hand tu his hat.

"Doan't du that tu me," I sah; "I'm only a poor man fond o' hard work."

"Fare, sir," he sah, puttin' his hand tu his hat agin.

"Oh, I fare pretty well, I thank'ee," I sah.

"Fare, sir," he sah agin, louder'n ever.

"I tell ye," I sah, "I fare pretty well, and so du Mary."

"I want to be off arter another fare," he sah, hullorin' out.

Well, I looked at him right hard, and I sah, "I doan't want to stop ye; I din't know there was any fair about here to goo arter."

He sah, right savage, "I want to be paid, and I doan't want to be made a fool on."

"Paid," I sah; "why I paid for my tickets, and I ain't got to pay no more."

"Tickets be blowed," he sah, swearin' right awful, "what ha' they to du wi' me? I want eighteen pence out o' yow."

"Eighteen pence!" I sah; "why we wor driv to the station when we come, and yow ha' driv us to the station when we goo back—there ain't nor'n to pay."

Bor, I darsn't tell ye the langwedge he used. He swore wus'n the dickey boys. So I put my hand in my pocket and took out the sixpence, and sah, "Well, there's sixpence for ye; that's all I ha' got."

Then he dashed the sixpence right out o' my hand, and he sah, "I'll hev my fare, or else I'll lay my whip over the showders of boath on yer, and let ye hev the law on me if ye're maan enough."

That made me nation riled, and I weant up tu him

and showed him my fist, and I sah, "If yow only offered to touch her with that whip, the law I'd hev on yow 'ud be to lay yow sprawlin' in the dust. Mind yow that now."

"Then pay me my money," he sah.

"Doan't I tell ye I can't?" I sah. "Yow ha chucked away my last sixpence, but as I ha' made a' mistake, I'll send the money tu ye."

"Send it tu me be blowed," he sah; "if yow oan't pay, I'll pay myself, and yow may help yerself if ye can," and he whipped Mary's blue shawl off her showders in the twinklin' of an eye, and jumped into his saat and driv off like a madman."

To see Mary athowt her shawl fared to du me more'n anything that had happened the whole day, and I du assure yow I could ha' winnicked like a baby.

"Why," I sah, "I jest now said with that yow come and with that yow shall goo back, and now that fellow ha' took it."

"Never mind, John," she sah, "doan't yow fret; I'm glad we got rid on him so aasy, and the weather is nice and warm, and I shan't want it."

"I du mind," I sah. "I owt to ha' knocked him down, if for nor'n else, jest for swaarin' afore yow in that way."

"Well," she sah, "let's think no more about it, but let's get into the carriage and get back as soon as we can."

But we found there was plenty o' time, and that the man had only tow'd us to make haste that we might pay him for ridin' in his cab.

Howsumever, arter a while the carriages come up and we got in. We seed on the platform the friend o' humanity, and the man with the straight-cut black coat and waistcoat, but they pertended not to see us and got into another carriage.

We had bin settin' there a moment or tew, and the staam was a hissing as if it wanted to bust out and start off, when I haard a voice sah, "Ain't nobody bin for that cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin'?"

"Du yow haar that, Mary?" I sah.

"No," another voice sah; "I ain't sin nothin' of him; he made a rare fuss about it, but he ha' never bin arter it."

"Well," the other sah, "I doan't s'pose he'll come now; we can hev a good snack off 'em."

"Stop a minute, Mary," I sah, and I jumped out and runned to where I haard the voices.

"What the 'mending' are yow goin' to du with that?" I sah; "that's mine."

"What's yer's?" they sah.

"Why," I sah, "what's tied up in that silk hankercher."

"Yow must describe it," they sah, "afore we durst give it up to ye. What's in the hankercher?"

"A cowl pork dumplin'," I sah.

"Any ingens in it?" they sah.

"Of course there is," I sah, "whu ever haard of a pork dumplin' athowt ingens?"

"Well, what else is there?" they sah.

"A apple puddin'," I sah.

"How is the crust made?" they sah.

"Why," I sah, "the right way—with great gobs o' suet in it."

"Well, that's yers athowt a doubt," they sah; "there it is. But are yow agooin' by that train?"

"Yes, I am," I sah.

"Well, it's off, ye see, and yow'll hev a hard job to ketch it," they sah.

And 'strue's yow're alive, it was a scraamin' and whistlin' and puffin' and roarin' away. I seazed howd o' the hankercher, and I runned as hard as I could along the platform, callin' out to Mary to stop. Her hid was out o' the winder lookin' arter me, and I was jest gooin' to seaze howd o' the carriage door, when the tew men caught me by the coat, one on aach side, and held me fast.

"What du yow want to kill yerself?" they sah; "it's as much as our place is worth to let yow git in there."

Well, there they stood howdin' my collar fast and me out o' breath, and struck dumb with 'mazement and fright. They hild me so tight in the neck that they naarly graaned* me.

As soon as I could find words to spaak, I sah, "It ha' come true at last; I ha' found my pork dumplin' and apple puddin', but I ha' lost her, and she's worth all the world."

* To graan or green, to strangle.



CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAVELLERS MEET WITH TWO GOOD SAMARITANS,
JOHNNY AT ONE END OF THE LINE AND MARY AT
THE OTHER, AND THEIR ADVENTURES ARE BROUGHT
TO A HAPPY CLOSE.

"Well," the men sah, while I stood pantin' there in their hands, "what are yow agooin' to du now? That's the last train to-night, and yow can't goo now till the mornin'."

"I must goo," I sah, "if I he't to walk every inch o' the way. Why what on aarth du yow think Mary 'll du athowt me amon' all them paaple in that town? How far is 't to walk?"

"Oh," they sah, "a matter o' twelve mile or so."

"Which is the road?" I sah, "and I'm off like a shot."

I wor scared sure-ly. Blarm me if I knew what I was about. Jest as I was a talkin' with these men, whu should come sarnterin' along the platform smokin' a cigar but the gentleman with the white hair and the spetacles, and he sah says he, "Hullo, I am to tumble on yow to-day. But," he sah, lookin' round, "where's she?"

"Consarn it and sink it," I sah, "where's she indeed! She's gone—wus luck. I ha' found this here," I sah, howdin' up my parcel, "but I ha' lost her."

Then I up and I towed him all about it, and he sah, "What du yow maan to sah that nahther on ye ain't got no money?"

"Nahther on us," I sah, "ain't got a brass farden. I doan't care for myself, for I can slaap anywhere and goo throw any hardship, for I'm used tu't, but what she'll du I doan't know."

And as sure as yow are settin' there on that skep tained bottom up'ards, I wor so shannypated that I begun to blare.

"Blarm my stupid hid," I sah, "whatever made me bring her out along o' me? I ain't fit to take care o' myself, much less of a young mawther like her."

Well, the gentleman was right down consarned, and he sah, "Ain't there nobody in yin town that she know?"

"No," I sah, "among sech a mort o' paaple there ain't one."

"If yow knew anybody at all there," he sah, "I'd wire tu him to take care on her."

"Wire tu him?" I sah; "what the 'mending' is the use o' that? Yow might wire as fast as yow liked, but yow couldn't git there in less'n three hours, for they tell me 'tis twelve mile by road."

"So it is," he sah, "but we could wire in three minutes."*

* From this circumstance we are assured that Johnny has mingled some romance with his narrative of facts. The truth is

Well, I fared as if my hid had bin lifted off my showders, and I sah, "Wire in three minutes?"

"Yes," he sah, pintin' to some wires on tall poles in the air, "three minutes."

I never was so stammed afore in my life.

"Now du yow know anybody?" he sah; "quick."

"Well," I sah, "there *is* one gentleman that 'ud know her agin, and he live in a nice new shop at seven cross ways, jest as yow come into the town, off the road where the pond is; but blarm me if I know his name."

"I du," the gentleman sah, alaughin'; "yow maan a jolly good-tempered lookin' man."

"Yes," I sah, "that's him I du beleave."

"Why," he sah, "where ha' yow bin livin'? Ain't yow haard of his Star o' China tea?"

"Never haard on't," I sah.

"All the wus for yow," he sah, laughin'; "take eightpunnor on't home with ye, and count how many cups yow can make wu't, and reckon the profit at tuppence a cup."

"I would," I sah, "if I had the money; but du yow think he can help us?"

"Think it?" he sah, "I know he wool. That's his religion," he sah, "to du good to them what want it."

Then the gentleman runned into the place there, and when he come back, he sah, "Now yow make

this rising watering-place is without a telegraph station, and our rustic appears to have introduced this dream of the future as a sly bit of satire.

yerself happy ; I ha' wired tu him, and I ain't a doubt that he'll take care on her till to-morrow."

"Ah," I sah, "it wus he that tow'd me not to luse her."

"Well," he sah, "yow should ha' taken his advice. But come along," he sah ; "it so happened that I come up to see a friend off ; but I'm stayin' here, and yow shall goo to my place and I'll see what can be done for ye."

"I du 'tarn ye many thanks," I sah ; "if I'd known yow better, I won't ha' baat yow in argeyment this mornin'."

"Yow din't baat me," he sah ; "I only tow'd yow what's writ in the book. It's set down by larned men how the warld wor made, and when we raad 'em what are we to du ? If Darwin sah a monkey made man, whu am I to sah it din't ?"

"But," I sah, "if the Bible sah God made man, whu is Darwin to sah he din't ? Paaple shon't raad so much, and should prah more."

"Well," he sah, "I'm glad to find yow're getting happy—step out, for yow must want suffin better than that tea yow had this arternoon."

"My appetite," I sah, "is wholly gone. If I had but ha' copped this into the carriage, Mary would ha' had suffin to take tu," I sah, howdin' up my parcel.

"She'll be took care on," he sah, "and so will yow."

Well, arter a brisk walk we'd got to a great big place, that I see when we wor on the baach, that looked like a king's palace, and that stood in a beautiful garden, and he sah says he, "Come in."

I sah, "I'm wholly scared. I darsent come in there."

He took ahowd o' my arm and he sah, "Yow're simple throw want of experience, but the molecular action o' yer brain is sound and good; yow're honest tu, and an honest man's the noblest work o' God."

Well, blarm me if he din't goo into that there hotel as he called it, jest as if it wor his own, and I was afaared to set down my highlows lest I should dirty the places that I walked on. Then he weant on and on till he got to a room and rung the bell and spoke to the sarvant, whu weant away and presently browt up a bottle and glasses on a tray, and set 'em down. Then the gentleman let it go pop, and he poured out a glass full, and that sizzled and bubbled, and he sah, "Now, Giles, drink."

So I took up the glass and I sah, "Sarvent, sir," and that went down—well, I never knowed anything like it afore—and that staamed up into my nose and made my eyes water."

"Why what on aarth du yow call that?" I sah.

"Well," he sah, "I call it the craam o' heaven. Hev another. But stop," he sah, "what am I thinkin' on?"

Then he rung the bell agin, and spoke to the sarvent agin, whu browt up a great dish o' bread and butter with pieces o' maat atwaan 'em."

"There," he sah, "they are yow're favorites. Ate 'em."

I showed him my parcel, but he sah, "Never mind that—ate them."

So I ate a lot on 'em till I din't want no more, and then he sah, "Hev another glass?"

So I had another glass, and then he axed the sarvent how I could be 'commodated, and the sarvent sah, "Don't know, sir; the house is full; but I'll send up the owd gentleman, for he's stayin' with his son now, and he'll talk tu ye."

Well, the owd gentleman come and he sah, "The house is full—full as it used to be when I kep' it, and some o' the company are high—very *high*," he sah, lookin' hard at me.

"Very high, are they?" the gentleman sah.

"Yes," he sah, lookin' still harder at me, "we ha' had a prince in this house."

"A prince, hev ye?" the gentleman sah, wholly unconcerned like.

"Yes," he sah, "a prince and all his household."

"I s'pose yow wor glad to git rid on him?" the gentleman sah agin.

"Oh dear no," he sah, "we wor greatly plaased with his Highness—a prince with a haap o' money."

"A haap o' money, had he?" the gentleman sah; "why what prince was it?"

"Oh," he sah, "a Indian Prince with a haap o' money—My high Roger du Laap and Sing—the greatest man in Suffolk. He ha' bin in this house," he sah.

That saamed to take the whole o' the braath out o' my body, and I fared as if I should shrink into a nutshell. But the gentleman bust out a laughin', and he sah, quiet like, "Oh, only a black man."

"Ah, but," the owd gentleman sah, "he had a haap o' money."

"Now," the white-haired gentleman sah, "here's a white man—a brother—an English prince with a haap o' honesty, what can yow du with him?"

The owd gentleman looked at me up and down and he shook his hid, and he sah, "We can't 'comodate him—the company is high, very high; but there's the tap, and I think he might slaap there."

"So he shall," the gentleman sah; "come along, Giles or Johnny, for yow're both alike; yow're a deal tu good to be kep' waitin' in rooms that ha' bin pulled about by a black man's sarvents."

Well, to make a long story a short 'un, he took me to the tap as they called it, and tow'd 'em I was to hev whatever I wanted and he'd pay. Jest as he wor agooin' away a boy come and handed him a red-lookin' letter. He opened it and he sah, "She's all right; my friend met her and ha' took care on her, and I dassay by this time she know the flavor o' the Star o' China." Then he sah "Good night," and off he weant.

I wor more stammed than ever. I saamed to be in a draam. How on aarth they had "wired" to that town and back I couldn't make out. I shoudn't ha' bin more struck if he'd said, "Here's a letter from my uncle in the moon." Howsumever, I felt it was all right, and arter I got to bed and said my prayers and made up one about Mary, I weant to slaap and draamed all night o' walkin' about on wires and tumblin' off, and o' being caught hold on by Mary

and dragged up agin, and so I weant on till mornin'. Arter I'd had a good breakfast, the gentleman come, and he sah, "Now then, I'm agooiin' to see yow off safe."

And so he did. And I du assure yow when I see Mary standin' along o' that good-tempered lookin' gentleman at the place where we got down, my heart saamed to laap right up into my mouth.

I sah, "I 'tarn yow many thanks, I du. I can't pay ye; no money 'ud du it. Nor yit that other gentleman. But," I sah, "I'll send yow as nice a basket o' cowcumbers as yow ever see—nateral growd ones tu—and ingens to match."

"Nonsense," he sah, laughin', "what's the use o' bein' in the warld if yow can't du a feller cretur a good tarn?"

"Yow ha' done me a good tarn," I sah; "I wish I could du yow one."

"Well," he sah, jest as we got to the seven cross ways, "the only good tarn I want yow to du me is to take hoam a packet o' the 'Star o' China,' put it into a tin canister so that none o' the 'roma git out, and kaap it till yer weddin' mornin'. Then let Mary when the tea-pot is barnin' hot and the water is sizzlin and staamin', whip in jest one spoonful for every one o' the party, and du yow watch their faces when they taste it, and let me know what sort of a look come over 'em."

Jest as he said that he weant into his shop and browt me a packet, and I sah, "I'll sarteney du it, and I 'tarn ye many thanks."

Then Mary and me bid him good by, and we shook hands and off we weant.

Well, I never shall forgit our walk hoam. I'd haard our parson raad about rejoicin' over the lost shaap, and I du assure yow I saamed to like that mawther arter I found her that mornin' ten times more'n I ever did afore. And I du raally beleave that she liked me the more for't. The seven mile that we had to walk hoam only saamed about one. When we got to a nice loanly place she let me put my arm round her waist, and we wor as happy as ye plaase. But what made her the most plaased was when we come naar a farmyard, and she could haar the owd hins acluckin' and the cattle ablorin', for she sah that made her fare more at hoam like. When we got naar to our master's there was half the willage out arter us. There was naabor Rudd and all Mary's little brothers and sisters scared to death, and with their eyes red with cryin', and there was my mother and all the young 'uns on the look out. When they caught sight on us they hallored as loud as they could shout, and runned as haard as ever they could till they got up tu us.

"Why," my mother sah, "yow du look figgers. Why, what ha' yow done with—"

"Stop, mother," I sah, "doan't ax any questions. There's yer cowl pork dumplin' and apple puddin' browt back jest as we took 'em. Take care on 'em till dinner time, when we'll bring their adventures to an end, and I shall hev a rare tale to tell ye."

Now, bor, get up off that skep, tie up them baskets, and let the carrier take 'em first thing to-morrow mornin'.



LOCAL GUIDES & VIEWS.

JARROLD'S GUIDE TO NORWICH.

By a Resident. New Edition, thoroughly revised. Illustrated, with Map of the City. Price One Shilling.

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF NORWICH.

Including a Survey of the City; Civil and Municipal History; Political History; Religious History; and Commercial History. By A. D. Bayne. 778 pages. Price Six Shillings.

An Edition on larger paper, with Twenty-two Cabinet Photographic Views by Burgess and Grimwood. Price Twenty-one Shillings.

JARROLD'S GUIDE TO CROMER.

New Edition, thoroughly revised. With Map of the District. Price Sixpence.

JARROLD'S HISTORY OF HUNSTANTON.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence; cloth, gilt, Two Shillings

JARROLD'S GUIDE TO GREAT YARMOUTH.

With Chapters on Southtown, Gorleston, Norwich, Lowestoft, Southwold, and Cromer. Price Sixpence.

JARROLD'S TOURISTS' MAP OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Price One Shilling; or in Cloth Case, mounted on canvas, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF NORWICH.

These Views are admitted by Tourists to be the cheapest in the country. Cabinet size, mounted or unmounted, Sixpence each.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF CROMER.

A beautiful Series of Views, taken in 1878, especially for MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS, most faithfully represent the above justly-famed Watering Place. Cabinet size, mounted or unmounted, Sixpence each; post free, Sevenpence. Twelve Assorted Views, Six Shillings, post free. List of the Series, with Sample View, for Seven Stamps.

JARROLD'S VIEWS OF NORFOLK CHURCHES.

By the late J. B. Ladbroke. Size 12 in. by 9½ in. Price Sixpence each.

Jarrold & Sons, London & Exchange Streets, Norwich;
and 3, Paternoster Buildings, London.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTS AND LIBRARIES

PUBLISHED BY

JARROLD AND SONS,

3, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

The following Series of 13 Books are suitable for Sunday or Week-day Reading. Elegantly bound in cloth, with Coloured Frontispieces in Kronheim's best style.

Oakfield Lodge ; or, "Charity seeketh not her own."

Horace Carleton ; or, "Charity vaunteth not itself ; is not puffed up."

School-Day Memories ; or, "Charity envieth not."

Ethel Seymour ; or, "Charity hopeth all things."

Dora's Difficulty ; or, "Charity doth not behave itself unseemly."

Frank Merton's Conquest ; or, "Charity is not easily provoked."

The Lost Half-Sovereign ; or, "Charity thinketh no evil."

Buy your Own Cherries, and other Tales. By J. W. KIRTON. A Christmas Surprise. By NELSIE BROOK.

Mother's Last Words, Our Father's Care, &c. By MRS. SEWELL.

The Royal Brothers. By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Guthred, the Widow's Slave. By A. STRICKLAND.

Happy Half-Hours with the Bible ; or, Mary Jane and Bertie. By AUNT EMILY. For a Mother with her Little Children.

Katie's Work. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Books for Presents and Libraries.

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE EACH.

Nothing too Simple for God. The Hand of Providence Seen in Answer to the Prayer of Faith. By LOUISE ERNESTINA. Frontispiece, fcap. 8vo, cloth.

The Little Gardeners: an Allegory of Christian Life for Young Persons. Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth. Or cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

Roger's Apprenticeship; or, Five Years of a Boy's Life. By EMMA MARSHALL. Frontispiece, fcap. 8vo, cloth.

Fred Williams: a Tale for Boys. Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth.

Hints on Self-Help: a Book for Young Women. By JESSIE BOUCHERETT. 12mo, cloth.

The Little Forester and his Friend. A Ballad. By MRS. SEWELL, Author of "Mother's Last Words." Frontispiece, limp cloth. Or Frontispiece, cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d.

Stories of the Early Christians. 12mo, cloth. Or cloth extra, 2s.

Faithful in Little; a Tale for Young Women. By MRS. HEAD. Coloured Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

Emily Milman; or, The Little Sunbeam of the Farm House. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth.

Gipsy's Secret (The); or, Deb's Revenge, and what came of it. By MRS. BEWSHER. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth.

Happy Village (The), and How it Became so. By MARIA WRIGHT. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth.

Humphrey Merton; or, The Widow's Sons. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth.

Netty Moseley; or, Ears, and How to Use them. By the Author of "Kenneth Forbes." Illustrated, 12mo, cloth.

Talks about Animals. By UNCLE ROBERT. With upwards of Sixty Illustrations. 12mo, cloth.

The Heir of Hazelwood; or, "All Things work together for Good to Them that Love God." Cloth. Or bevelled boards, Coloured Frontispiece, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

The Dawn of Life; or, Mildred's Story, Told by Herself. By EMMA MARSHALL. Coloured Frontispiece, fcap. 8vo, cloth. Or embossed cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Books for Presents and Libraries.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

Aunt Annie's Tales. The Water Lily—The Druid's Retreat—Santa Claus—Mistletoe Bough. Coloured Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth.

Stories of the Reformation in England and Germany. By the REV. B. C. JOHNS. Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth. Or embossed cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Ernest and Kate; or, Love a Reality, not Romance. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth. Or embossed cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Stories of England and her Forty Counties. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Frontispiece in Colours, Woodcuts, 12mo, cloth.

Stories of Ireland and its Four Provinces. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Frontispiece in Colours, Woodcuts, 12mo, cloth.

Stories of Scotland and its Adjacent Islands. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Frontispiece in Colours, Woodcuts, 12mo, cloth.

Mrs. Sewell's Ballads for Children. Including "Mother's Last Words," "Our Father's Care," and "Children of Summerbrook." Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations on Wood, fcap. 8vo, cloth, bevelled boards.

Ellen French: Passages from the Life of a Worker. By AUNT EVERGREEN. 12mo, cloth.

Patience Hart's First Experience in Service. By MRS. SEWELL, Author of "Mother's Last Words." Frontispiece, 12mo, cloth.

How to Train our Children: the Mother's Manual. By MRS. REED; with a Preface by her Sons, the Authors of "The Life of Dr. Andrew Reed." Frontispiece, cloth.

Lili, the Doctor's Daughter: or, The Bunch of Violets, and What came of Them. By C. BRUCE. 12mo, cloth.

Mary and her Mother: Scriptural Stories for very Young Children. By MRS. ANDREW REED. Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, 16mo, cloth.

The Story of the Two Margarets. By EMMA MARSHALL. Fcap. 8vo, cloth.


Prince of Peace; or, Truths for Young Disciples on the History of Our Lord. Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, 16mo, cloth.

Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, London.

HOUSEHOLD TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Twopence each; or in 14 Packets (6 in each) 1s. per pkt.

Nearly FIVE MILLIONS of these Popular Tracts are now in circulation in Great Britain and the Colonies, and the demand is increasing. They are adapted for gifts or loan; are eagerly listened to at Public Readings at Lecture Halls and Schoolrooms; and are worthy the attention of all who seek to promote the moral, sanitary, and religious improvement of the people.

 *The figures denote the number of the Tract by which it may be ordered.*

BALLADS BY MRS. SEWELL

- 28 Mother's Last Words
- 39 Our Father's Care
- 63 The Lost Child
- 25 Children at Home
- 26 Children at School
- 27 Happy Schoolfellows
- 73 Sister's Love
- 74 The Old Man's Story
- 75 Isabel Gray, and Young Nurse Girl
- 79 Saved from the Sea
- 70 The Housewife's Lament
- 81 Hedgerow Teachings
- 82 The Neighbours
- 83 The Two Noblemen
- 84 Conscience Makes the Coward
- 85 Think Before You Marry
- 86 The Little Shoes
- 89 There's Help at Hand!
- 90 Almost Wrecked

FOR MOTHERS.

- 1 Cottage Homes
- 2 The Mother's Trials and Triumphs
- 32 Sick Child's Cry; Household Verses
- 60 The Good Mother

FOR PARENTS.

- 6 How to Manage the Young Ones
- 19 How to Make the Most of Things
- 23 Peace in the Household
- 10 Household Management
- 37 Whose Fault is it?
- 31 Never Despair; Household Verses
- 38 Something Homely
- 43 Household Troubles
- 66 Household Happiness

FOR YOUNG MEN & WOMEN.

- 8 Are You Thinking of Getting Married?
- 24 Going-a-Courting, Sweethearting, Love, and Such Like
- 48 Marriage Bells

FOR YOUNG MEN.

- 21 Sons from Home
- 7 How to Take Care of Number One
- 29 How to Rise in the World
- 30 Life's Battles
- 36 Men who have Fallen
- 52 Company: what to Seek and Avoid
- 72 The Odds Against Betting

FOR GIRLS.

- 4 The Happy Life
- 12 Daughters from Home
- 46 The Dangerous Way

FOR BOYS.

- 3 The Starting in Life
- 45 How to "Get On" in Life
- 64 A Mother's Legacy
- 68 Beware! the Effects of Gambling

FOR CHILDREN.

- 20 Household Rhymes
- 33 Work and Play: Household Verses

FOR WORKING MEN.

- 34 When to Say "No!"
- 9 Working-Men's Hindrances
- 41 The Day of Rest
- 70 "Paddle your Own Canoe!"
- 71 A True Briton

FOR SERVANTS.

- 5 My First Place
- 22 Kind Words for the Kitchen

FOR SAILORS.

- 11 A Short Yarn

FOR EVERYBODY.

- 35 Straightforwardness
- 40 Scandal, Gossip, Tittle-tattle, &c.
- 42 Temptation
- 18 The Gain of a Well-trained Mind
- 62 A Tale of the Irish Famine
- 49 Picture from the World's History
- 51 Perils in the Mine
- 50 A Tale of a Dark Alley
- 55 Sunday Excursions
- 53 What shall I do with my Money?
- 54 Kind Turns
- 56 Margery, the Martyr
- 59 H-me! Sweet Home!
- 61 Lost Days
- 65 Two Ways of Going to Market
- 67 What Can be Done with Ten Shillings
- 69 "God Always Hears"
- 76 The Prisoner and his Dream
- 77 Led by a Child. *In Verse*

ON HEALTH.

- 13 The Worth of Fresh Air
- 14 The Use of Pure Water
- 15 The Value of Good Food
- 16 The Influence of Wholesome Drink
- 17 The Advantage of Warm Clothing
- 44 How People Hasten Death
- 47 The Secret of a Healthy Home
- 53 How to Nurse the Sick
- 57 The Black Ditch
- 78 The Two Breaths
- 87 Village Work. *In Verse*
- 88 Sustaining Power of Living Blood

Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, London.



